

HOW A STAR IS MEASURED.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

SPRING PATTERNS POST FREE

LIBERTY NEW DRESS COTTONS (PLAIN AND FANCY)

FROM 1/9 A YARD

THE MOST INTERESTING COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS IN THE WORLD.

LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST., LONDON. W.

AUSTRALIA BY THE ORIENT LINE

Under Contract to carry His Majesty's Mails.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, PORT SAID, COLOMBO, FREMANTLE, ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY AND BRISBANE.

Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA.

Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.

HOLIDAY SEA TRIPS to Spain, Riviera and Italy.

	Tons.	London.	Toulon.	Naples.		Tons.	London.	Toulon.	Naples.
ORSOVA	12,036	—	Apl. 10	Apl. 12	ORVIETO	12,133	Aug. 22	Aug. 28	Aug. 30
ORVIETO	12,133	May 2	May 8	May 10	ORONSAY	20,000	Sept. 19	Sept. 25	Sept. 27
OSTERLEY	12,129	May 30	June 5	June 7	OSTERLEY	12,129	Oct. 3	Oct. 9	Oct. 11
ORAMA	20,000	June 27	July 3	July 5	ORMONDE	14,853	Oct. 17	Oct. 23	Oct. 25
ORSOVA	12,036	July 25	July 31	Aug. 2					

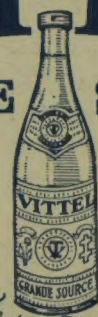
Managers—ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. 3.
Branch Offices: 14, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.; No. 1, Australia House, Strand.

DIURETIC MINERAL WATER.

VITTEL

GRANDE SOURCE

The most efficacious treatment
for disorders caused by
URIC ACID · GOUT
GRAVEL · KIDNEY
AND
LIVER TROUBLES



Can be taken advantageously
with Wines and Spirits.
Recommended by Physicians
25 MILLION BOTTLES
SOLD YEARLY

From all Hotels · Chemists Stores & The Apollinaris Co. Ltd., 4 Stratford Place, W.1.
The Vittel Mineral Water Co., 52 Charlotte Street, W.1.

"Keep fit on
cocoa"

BOURNVILLE

See the name CADBURY on every piece of Chocolate



RECIPE ON
LABEL FOR
DRINKING
CHOCOLATE

TOUGHER TREADS—'BALANCED' CORD—SYNCHRONISED CURE

Every motorist should test for himself the new series

AVON

British Cords

embodying specific improvements proven by high-speed
tests on road and track.

OTARD'S

ESTAB^d 1795

The Brandy with a Pedigree

The modern palatable
form of Iron Tonic.
Devoid of all the usual
drawbacks of Iron Tonics.

Iron Jelloids

THE IRON 'JELLOID' CO., LTD., 189, CENTRAL ST., LONDON, ENG.

Unequalled for Anæmia
and Weakness in Men,
Women and Children.
Of all Chemists, price 1/3
and 3/- per box.

PARIS

HOTEL DU LOUVRE

All Modern Comfort — Entirely Renovated
First Class Restaurant.

Places du Théâtre Français et Palais Royal.

Rue de Rivoli, Avenue de l'Opéra.

Telegraphic Address:
Louvrotel-Paris.

BIRMAL

Choose a BIRMAL this year—the all-metal racket that 'plays better Tennis!' You will agree with the verdict of the 'cracks' that there is nothing to equal it for speedy, reliable Tennis.

The skeleton shoulder
and slender frame ensure
a minimum wind
resistance.

35/- Special leather
grip 2/6 extra.
From leading sports dealers.

Cannot warp or rust,
impervious to all
weathers, needs no
press or cover.

RACKETS

ATCO ATCO ATCO



HALLEATHS
LOCHMABEN
DUMFRIESSHIRE
26th November 1923.

Messrs. C. H. Pugh Ltd.,
Atco Lawn Mower.

Dear Sirs,

I have pleasure in stating that the Atco you supplied me with just two years ago has given much satisfaction both as regards efficiency and as a time and labour saver. You are at liberty to use this letter as best suits you.

Yours truly,
John H. H. H.

Men who appreciate

The **ATCO**
MOTOR MOWER

No. 1. The Private Owner.

The Private Owner—whose garden is his hobby—is naturally careful in the choice of such items as the lawn mower. That such owners of the ATCO have invariably found the machine adequate in every respect is demonstrated by the letter reproduced above—one of many such expressions of satisfaction received from private owners in every part of the country.

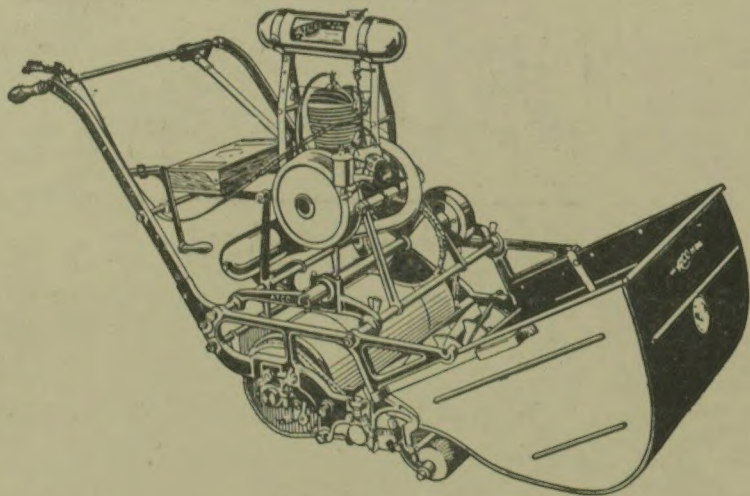
Let us prove ATCO claims by arranging a free demonstration on your own grass without any obligation.

16 inch **£50.** 22 inch Model **£75.**
30 inch Model **£95.**
5% cash in 7 days.

Personally delivered, and guaranteed for 12 months.

All who take a pride in their lawns should send for free ATCO Booklets, "Turf Needs," and "Notes of Praise."

CHAS. H. PUGH, Ltd.,
WHITWORTH WORKS,
11, TILTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.



ATCO ATCO ATCO

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son
Distillers, LEITH.

Established
1863



Price's
Old English
Lavender Soap.

The Bottom
Drawer

Lawn, fine as a morning mist; lace, a dream of ethereal beauty; silk, that fairies might have woven—all scented with the gentle herb, lavender.

A tablet of Price's Old English Lavender Soap is a sachet which makes the scent of lavender a clinging, personal fragrance.

In old-time wooden boxes of six and twelve tablets

PRICE'S SOAP CO. LTD.
LONDON AND GREENWICH



THE curious cut of Three Nuns enables you to smoke every shred of this cool and mellow blend. The little discs of tobacco never crumble into dust in the pouch. Their peculiar form ensures slow, cool and even burning. Each circle is in itself a perfect blend.

It really is a sheer delight to be able to enjoy the "nutty" flavour and fine fragrance of Three Nuns from first puff to last.

In Packets: 1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4
In Tins: 2 oz. 2/4; 4 oz. 4/8

King's Head is similar but a little fuller

THREE NUNS
The Tobacco
of Curious Cut

Stephen Mitchell and
Son, 36 St. Andrew
Square Glasgow

Branch of the Imperial
Tobacco Company (of
Great Britain and
Ireland), Ltd.

STYLISH COAT WEAR

Unusually effective are the inspirations of Dame Fashion for this Season's Coats and Skirts. Combined with the artistry of the weaver is the simplicity of the designs, so that the plain, straight lines are enhanced by the gay colours and effective patterns. Swan & Edgar offer many distinctive models, the style shown being typical of many others. As ever, Swan & Edgar's standard of quality remains impeccable.

"SACKVILLE" A perfectly tailored Coat in fine quality Saxony Suiting. Modelled with the new side tailored effect, with a correct plain back. Lined throughout with good quality crêpe-de-Chine. Obtainable in most of this season's most delightful shades. Suitable for present wear

6½ Gns

Send for a Copy of
the Coat and Skirt
Booklet sent free.



SWAN & EDGAR

SWAN & EDGAR LTD PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1

SPECIAL SALE

WALPOLES' HOUSE LINENS

Famous for
ON. Excellence and Reliability.

REPRESENTATIVE BARGAINS.

TABLE CLOTHS & NAPKINS

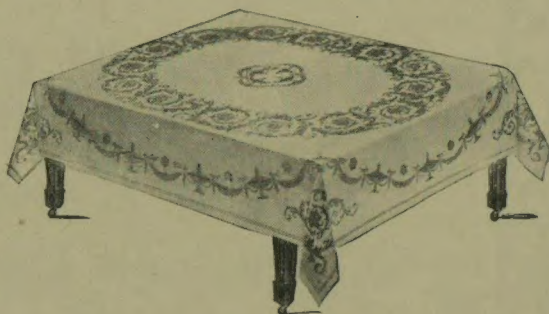
of Pure Linen Damask
No. 402.

Special Sale Prices.

Cloths.	Each	Cloths.	Each
2 x 2 yds.	35/-	2½ x 2½ yds.	55/-
2 x 2½ "	43/9	2½ x 3 "	66/-
2 x 3 "	52/-	2½ x 3½ "	77/-
		2½ x 4 "	88/-

Napkins.	Doz.	Napkins.	Doz.
22 x 22 ins.	39/6	26 x 26 ins.	49/6

WE PAY CARRIAGE
within the British Isles.



No. 402. Adams Scroll.

HEMSTITCHED PLAIN MUSLIN BEDSPREAD with TAPED BORDERS

Wonderful Bargain.

Best Quality. For Double Bed only. Size 90 x 108 in.
Usual Price 38/6. Special Sale Price 25/9 each.

Very suitable for Summer use or covering over Down Quilts.

TOWEL (as illustrated).

No. 55. Superfine Quality Damask Bordered Face Towels,
Hemstitched ends, pure Irish Linen Huckaback. Doz.
Size 24 x 40 ins. Special Sale Price 55/-

OUR ILLUSTRATED
SALE CATALOGUE
will be sent Post Free.

These and many other
UNEQUALLED BARGAINS
obtainable at

175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W. 8.

Established 1766.

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces.



The Pixie Grippa

Plays 12 inch Records—weighs only 6½ lbs.

This remarkable miniature portable possesses all the good points of bigger models, and is capable of reproducing the finest masterpieces. Measures 10½ x 7½ x 4½ ins., and is made in dovetailed box, covered waterproofed leatherette, has a powerful spring motor, and is fitted with a new gooseneck tonearm. £2 9 6
Sent post free in Britain.

NEW GRAMOPHONE SALONS

Come and hear the latest Gramophone Records played in any of the 16 private audition rooms of Harrods new and improved Gramophone Salons—First Floor.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW 1



"A Splendid
recommendation."

"This is the
second baby I
have brought up
on Mellin's Food,
and everyone who
sees them agrees
that they are the
picture of health
and a splendid
recommendation
for Mellin's Food."

Mrs. G. M. Hibbs
London, E. 5

FREE. — Send
this coupon
with your name
and address and
baby's age to
Mellin's Food
Ltd. (Dept.
D123), London,
S.E. 15, and
you will receive
by return a
sample of
Mellin's Food
and Booklet.

Baby's Food makes all the difference

Right feeding is by far the most important thing in infancy, and you simply must get the right food if baby is to make progress. Remember also that one of the essentials to right feeding is digestibility, which is provided by Mellin's Food.

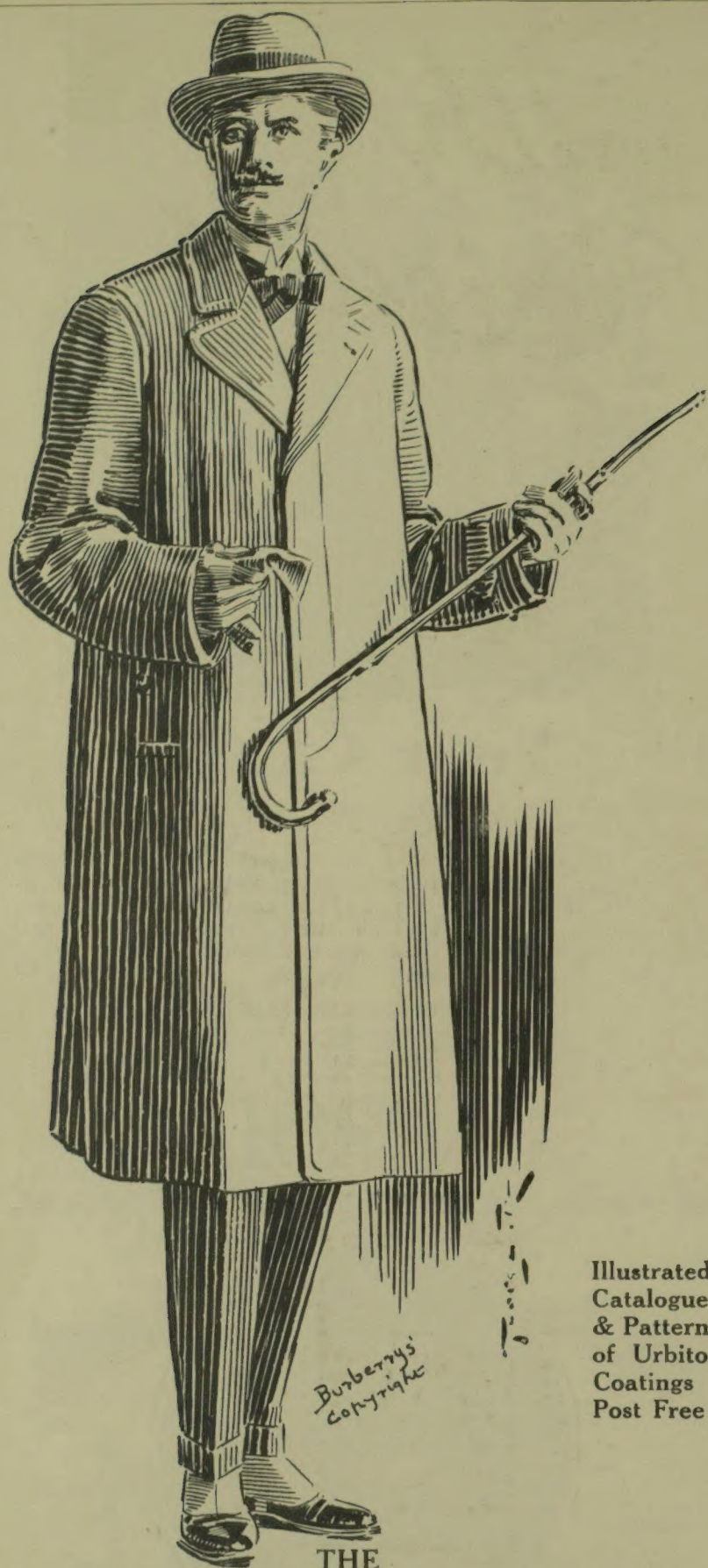
Infants from birth onwards assimilate a Mellin's Food diet perfectly, and in this way splendid all-round development is assured. Just as breast milk provides the nourishment for bones, flesh and nerves, so does Mellin's Food, when mixed to suit the age of baby.

Mellin's Food

THE FOOD THAT FEEDS

MELLIN'S LACTO—prepared from Mellin's Food and rich cow's milk—only requires the addition of water to be ready for use. A complete food, it is the ideal substitute for breast milk where fresh cow's milk is unobtainable or is poor in quality.

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS—which contain Mellin's Food, are invaluable during the weaning period, whether baby has been hand-reared or breast fed.



Illustrated
Catalogue
& Patterns
of Urbitor
Coatings
Post Free

THE URBITOR BURBERRY

WET DAYS

A dependable
Weatherproof

COLD DAYS

A warmth-giving
Overcoat

ALL DAYS

Airy and
comfortable

Every Burberry Garment
is labelled "Burberrys"

The coat for the man who requires a lightweight Overcoat he can rely upon for protection against wet and cold, yet that is smart enough for occasions when a distinguished appearance is all-important.

URBITOR COATINGS

woven from the finest wools, are a direct development of the old West of England Covert Coatings. They embody all the characteristics of these famous cloths, and new methods of production allow of great variety in colour and pattern.

BURBERRY-PROOFING

renders them perfectly weather-proof, although they retain the natural ventilation, which is so essential to health.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET
S.W.1 LONDON
8 & 10 BD. MALESHERBES PARIS; & PROVINCIAL AGENTS
Burberrys Ltd.



Showing the 'Princess'
Scissors Case closed.

Harrods 'Princess' Scissors Case

Protected by Royal
Letters Patent, and
exclusive to Harrods

This is a sewing accessory which will appeal to every woman for its compactness and usefulness in the home and when travelling.

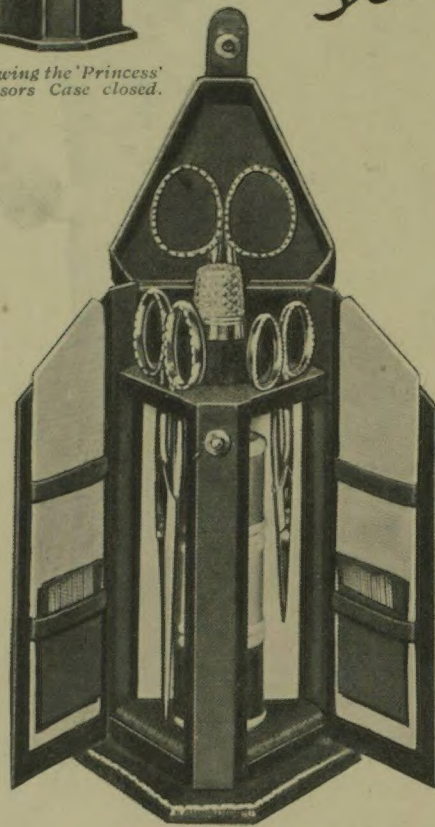
The case is of Leather and may be obtained in various colourings. When open it displays all the fittings—when closed it is 7 ins. high.

Fittings include three fine quality Sheffield made Scissors, Silver Thimble, packets of Needles, reels of coloured Silks and a small Pin-cushion ...

48/6

Ask for P.S. 6411

A similar case with plain scissors may be had from **39/6**



Silver and Cutlery Salon is on
Harrods Ground Floor.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

R. M. S. P. "ARCADIAN" CRUISES-DE-LUXE TO NORWAY

NORTH CAPE AND
NORTHERN CAPITALS

JUNE 10 & 29
JULY 17 & 31
AUG. 14 & 28

SPEND YOUR HOLIDAY ON THE
LARGEST STEAMER
IN THE WORLD

SOLELY DEVOTED TO
PLEASURE CRUISING

Write for illustrated Brochure N—E.

THE
ROYAL MAIL LINE

ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2, AND
AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1
Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham
and Southampton.



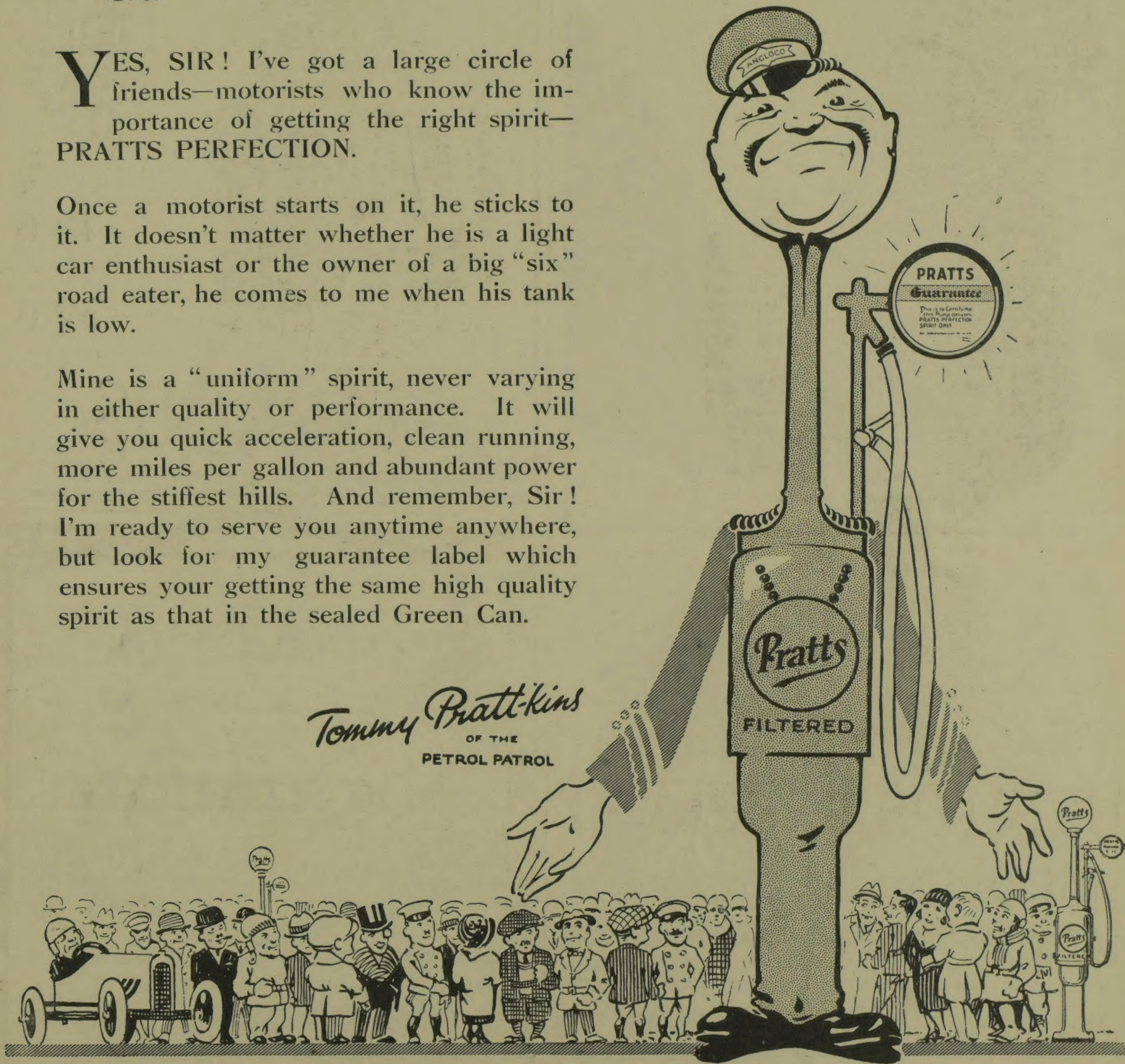
I'm the man with a Million Friends

YES, SIR! I've got a large circle of friends—motorists who know the importance of getting the right spirit—PRATTS PERFECTION.

Once a motorist starts on it, he sticks to it. It doesn't matter whether he is a light car enthusiast or the owner of a big "six" road eater, he comes to me when his tank is low.

Mine is a "uniform" spirit, never varying in either quality or performance. It will give you quick acceleration, clean running, more miles per gallon and abundant power for the stiffest hills. And remember, Sir! I'm ready to serve you anytime anywhere, but look for my guarantee label which ensures your getting the same high quality spirit as that in the sealed Green Can.

Tommy Pratt-kins
OF THE
PETROL PATROL



PRATTS

PERFECTION SPIRIT

Uniform everywhere Reliable always

D.A. 505



New Premises of
AQUASCUTUM
at 100, Regent St.

"AQUASCUTUM" Weatherproofs—pure new wool and self-ventilating, come in one quality only, the best that seventy years' experience can command. There's the original style 'Scutum and many new models, in colours and markings for formal and informal wear. The old style 'Scutum is moderately priced at £6 6 0 in plain cloths; £7 7 0 in overcheck. Aquascutum "Field" Coats (waterproof and windproof) 3½ to 5 gns. Lounge and Sporting Suits from 8 gns. Mention of "The Illustrated London News" will bring by return post 'Scutum catalogue and patterns. Agents throughout United Kingdom. In New York, Franklin Simon, 5th Avenue.

AQUASCUTUM, 100 Regent St., LONDON.

Linen Table Damask



LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
No. I.L.N. 184. Pure Irish Linen double damask table cloths and napkins. Design Adams style. Can also be supplied in ornament, Empire style.

2 x 2 yards	each	27/9
2 x 2½ "	"	34/6
2 x 3 "	"	41/6
LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.		
22 x 22 inches	dozen	31/6
24 x 24 "	"	36/6
26 x 26 "	"	42/6

THERE is nothing to surpass the exquisite finish of double damask. It possesses a dignity all its own, and there is no finer background for crystal, silver and beautiful china. Robinson & Cleaver's double damask is the first essential to a beautiful table.

CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES
POST FREE ON REQUEST.

Let us send you a copy of our Catalogue No. 40 D. We guarantee all our goods, and pay carriage on all orders of 20/- and upwards in the U.K. Cash willingly refunded in case of any dissatisfaction.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER
LINEN MANUFACTURERS LTD
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

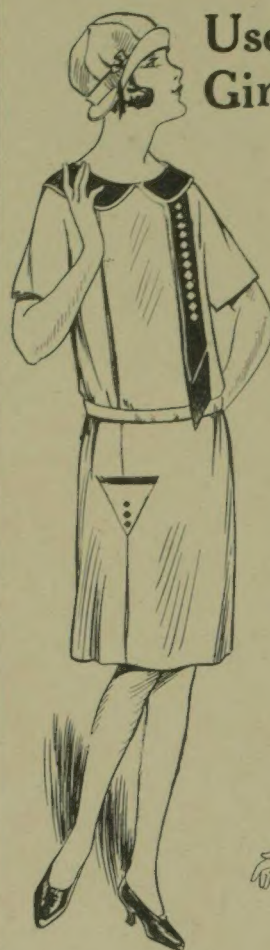
GORRINGS

Useful Dresses for
Girls of all ages.

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or leading business house reference. Carriage paid on Drapery Goods in the United Kingdom.

63149—This practical washing DRESS (as sketch below) is made in good quality check in Pink, Green, Brown or Mauve shades, With hand smocking at waist and white muslin collar and cuffs. Sizes 22, 24, 25 inches. Price for 22 ins, including knickers **18/9**

Rising 1/- each size.



0988—This very effective DRESS is made in fine quality Natural Shantung Silk, and is trimmed with a contrasting shade. Sizes 39, 42 and 45 inches. Price for 39 inch, **57/6**

Rising 2/- each size.



01251—Useful DRESS in fine quality stripe washing silk for young Ladies from 13 to 17 years. Sizes 42, 44, 46 ins. Price for 42 inches **45/9**

Rising 2/- each size.

Also this style in fine white pique. **22/-**
Price for 36 ins. Rising 1/- each size.

No. 63149

(described above.)

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.



Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

TAKEN at meal-time, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and proved corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

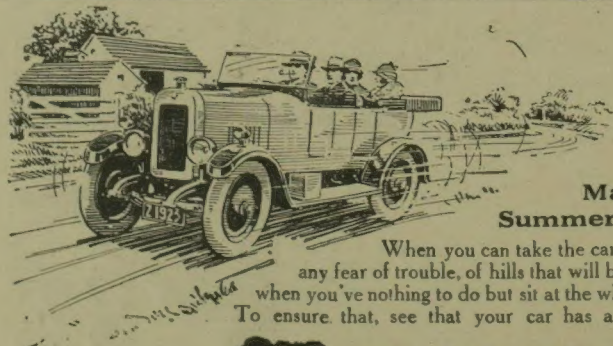
The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road
London, S.E.1



Make
Summer Joyous!

When you can take the car out free from any fear of trouble, of hills that will be too trying—when you've nothing to do but sit at the wheel and steer. To ensure that, see that your car has a British-made

ZENITH Carburettor

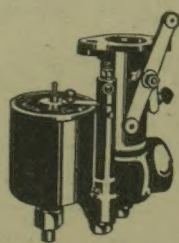
which not only saves petrol in every mile but increases both power and efficiency. 5,000,000 motorists will confirm this. Change that old carburettor now and get the benefit of the Zenith for the whole summer. There's a Zenith fitting for practically every engine and we guarantee to decrease petrol costs and increase power and efficiency.

THE ZENITH CARBURETTOR CO., LTD.

40-44, Newman Street, London, W.1

'Phone: Museum 9766-7-8-9

'Grams: Zenicarbur. 'Phone, London



Send for booklet and details of our month's trial offer.

If it's **POWER** you want
You've got it in a **CALTHORPE!**

If it's **COMFORT** you want
You've got it in a **CALTHORPE!**

If it's **REPUTATION** you want
You've got it in a **CALTHORPE!**

IF IT'S VALUE YOU WANT—

COMPARE THESE PRICES.

10-20 h.p. 2-Seater reduced to £200
10-20 h.p. 4-Seater reduced to £215
10-20 h.p. Saloon reduced to £275
12-20 h.p. 2-Seater reduced to £285
12-20 h.p. 4-Seater reduced to £295
12-20 h.p. Saloon reduced to £395
15-45 h.p. 6-Cylinder 4-Seater £395

1925 Calthorpe cars are entirely different from their predecessors in design, construction and equipment. The 12-20 h.p. Models have a four-speed gear box, and Easting rear screen to four-seater. All Models have right-hand change and magneto ignition. Dunlop Balloon Tyres fitted as standard.

BETTER VALUE DOES NOT EXIST

Write for Catalogue and name of Agent who will be pleased to give you a trial run.

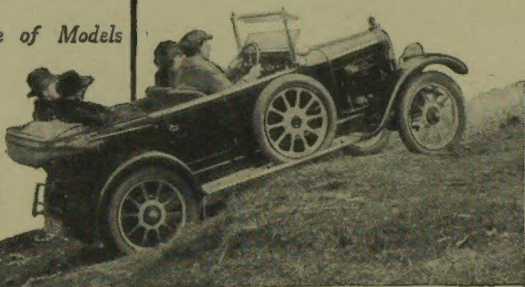
THE CALTHORPE MOTOR CO.
LTD., BIRMINGHAM

**YOU CAN CLIMB IT
ON A**

Calthorpe

There is a full range of Models
from £200

Sole Distributors for London
and 25 miles' radius:—
Messrs. MEBES & MEBES,
144, Gt. Portland St., W.1.



H. P.



**GIVES THE HAIR THAT
SMOOTH, GLOSSY APPEARANCE**

Your hair will always look smart and tidy when ANZORA is used. It gives the hair that smooth, glossy appearance so noticeable on men who take a pride in turning out perfect. Being clean, easy to use and delicately perfumed, it has become the recognised hair-dressing for the man who cares.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

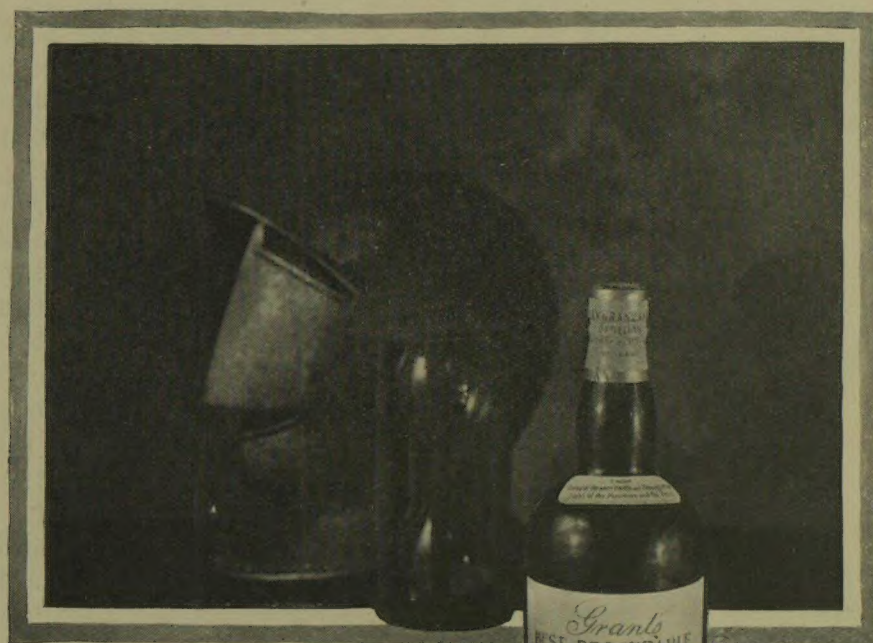
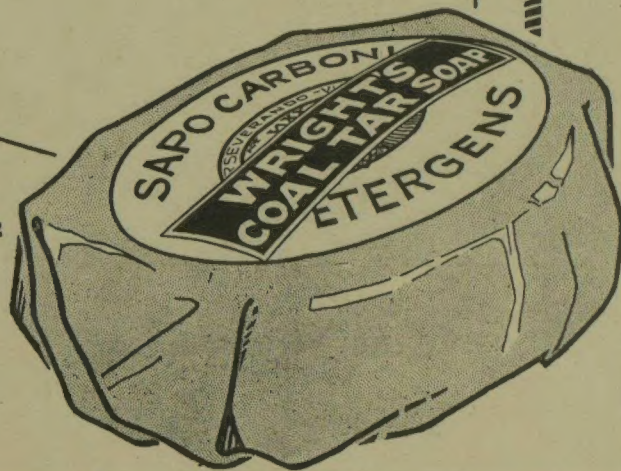


Anzora Cream, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows. Anzora Viola for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Hairdressers, Chemists, Stores, etc.

FOR 60 YEARS

Since its advent, more than sixty years ago, Wright's Coal Tar Soap has been recommended by the Medical Profession as a gradually active disinfectant.

It is equally as suitable for tiny babies as for grown-ups to protect them against infection.



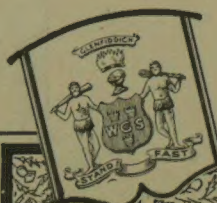
Charles I. Trooper's Helmet
with Visor - Dated 1628
Hourglass - Dated 1805

GRANT'S B.P.

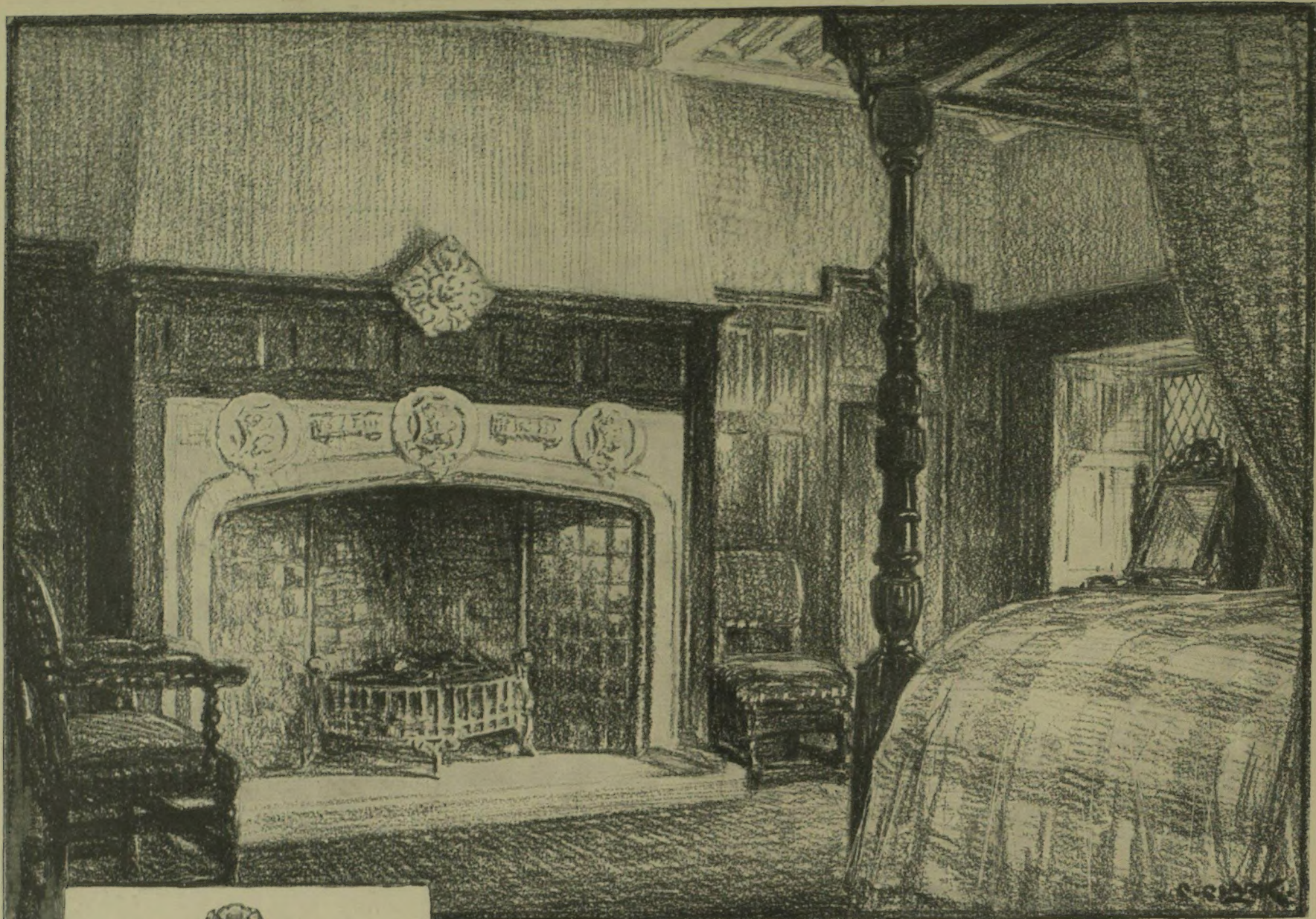
**happy combination of
the Bounty of Nature
and the Blender's Art**

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-
Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown
and at
82 Gordon Street, Glasgow

London Agents:
for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
153 Regent Street, W.1



GRANT'S B.P.



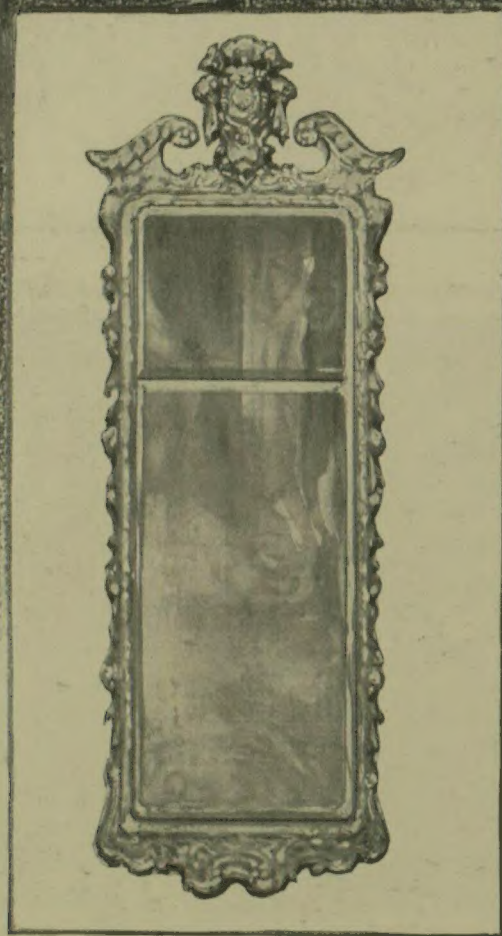
Belted Will's Chamber, Naworth Castle.

The Home of "Belted Will"

HIGH on the Cumberland fells, close by the old Picts Wall, stands Naworth Castle, the stronghold built by Ranulf Dacre in 1335 to protect the Western Marches from the raiding Douglas. Set on a rocky bluff, well guarded by a deep ravine and moat, the Castle was so strongly fortified both by Nature and by art, that never once was it besieged.

Here, in safe retreat, the Dacres planned those ruthless raids into Scotland which one Lord Dacre, when summoning his retainers, artlessly described as "taking a journey." Naworth is perhaps best known as the home of Lord William Howard, commonly known as "Belted Will." Sir Walter Scott thus explains the name in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*: "His Bilbao blade, by Marchmont felt, hung in a broad and studded belt." As Warden of the West Marches in the early 17th century, "Belted Will" applied himself with much energy to the suppression of the turbulent borderers. He also made it his business to convert Naworth from a rude fortress to a house more habitable, retaining for his own occupation the tower which bears his name.

Though seriously damaged by fire many years ago, Naworth has lost nothing of the charm with which old age invests such historic buildings. From the grey stone walls, flanked by tall towers, there is a delightful view of those distant blue hills on the Scottish border over which, nigh three hundred years ago John Haig Scotch Whisky first came to England. Since then, its fame has travelled the world over, and to-day in every clime men praise John Haig for its consistent high quality and ripe maturity.



Gilt framed wall mirror. Early 18th Century, designed to be placed in spaces between windows. Owing to the limit to the size in which glass could be made in those days, mirrors over certain dimensions were made in two and sometimes more pieces.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1925.

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A THEATRE AUDITORIUM TURNED INTO "FLATS": THE OPERA HOUSE AT ATHENS OCCUPIED BY HOMELESS FAMILIES, OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF HOUSES DUE TO A LARGE INCREASE OF POPULATION.

The housing shortage is far more acute in Athens than it is in London, owing to remarkable developments since the war with Turkey. "There have been more changes in Athens in the last two years," says a "Times" correspondent, "than there had been in the previous three decades. . . . Building continues fast and furiously in every quarter of the city, but, even so, Athens and the Piræus were never more crowded. A few years ago the population of Athens was 250,000.

It is now 600,000, and there must be over a million inhabitants in the ten-mile circle centring on the Acropolis. . . . Local industries have been stimulated, new industries introduced by the refugees. Hotels and restaurants are always full; people look better dressed than ever before, and everywhere one hears talk of new schemes of building, lighting, and utilising hydro-electric power. In fact, Athens is enjoying a 'boom.'

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE other day I thought I had made a discovery, which doubtless, like other discoveries, has long been discovered. I realised that a very large number of people never see a joke, but only see that there is a joke. They see that somebody is jesting about something, and they laugh indulgently or rage indignantly, according to their attitude towards recognised buffoons. It is a truth that explains a great deal of the "laughter and cheers" at public meetings.

But sometimes, as I say, the perception of the flippancy does not arouse amusement but anger. The angry sort of auditors also see the thing, so to speak, entirely from the outside. They also do not see a joke; they only see the joker—an object of very justifiable annoyance in himself. But this class of critics produce another crop of misunderstandings. They see that somebody is trying to be funny; but they have not the faintest notion of what he is making fun of. And they sometimes make most amazing mistakes—mistakes that are magnificent jokes in themselves. The most outstanding and startling example, perhaps, was that of the people who got into a frightful fuss about the sailor's song in "Ruddigore," which they actually said was making game of the French. As a fact, of course, it is entirely devoted to making game of the English, and especially to making game of the English for making game of the French. It is almost unbelievable that any human being in his five wits should have listened to that song with a straight face, apparently seriously believing that the little English ship, which fled before the gigantic French frigate, was having mercy on that vessel because fighting a Frenchman was "like hitting of a gal." Yet these things are possible. Properly understood, it was almost as extraordinary that some people should have thought the "Mikado" a satire on Japan as that they should have thought "Ruddigore" a satire on France. The satire in the "Mikado" also is wholly and entirely directed against England. Only, as I say, people seem to see everything about a satire except its direction. They recognise the cap and bells, but they never know whom the cap fits.

I myself have known and even suffered some odd misunderstandings of the sort. The other day somebody wrote to protest indignantly against my having made a mockery of St. Paul's Cathedral. Needless to say, I never made a mockery of St. Paul's Cathedral; and, even if I had, it seems just possible that St. Paul's Cathedral would have survived the incident, and that my words would not have been among the great natural forces that are said to be weighing it down. But the point is that my correspondent thought I was deriding St. Paul's, when I was deriding something quite different—and, indeed, opposite. He thought I was criticising the cathedral when I was doing the contrary. I was criticising the Modernists or upholders of relativity in religion, the people who

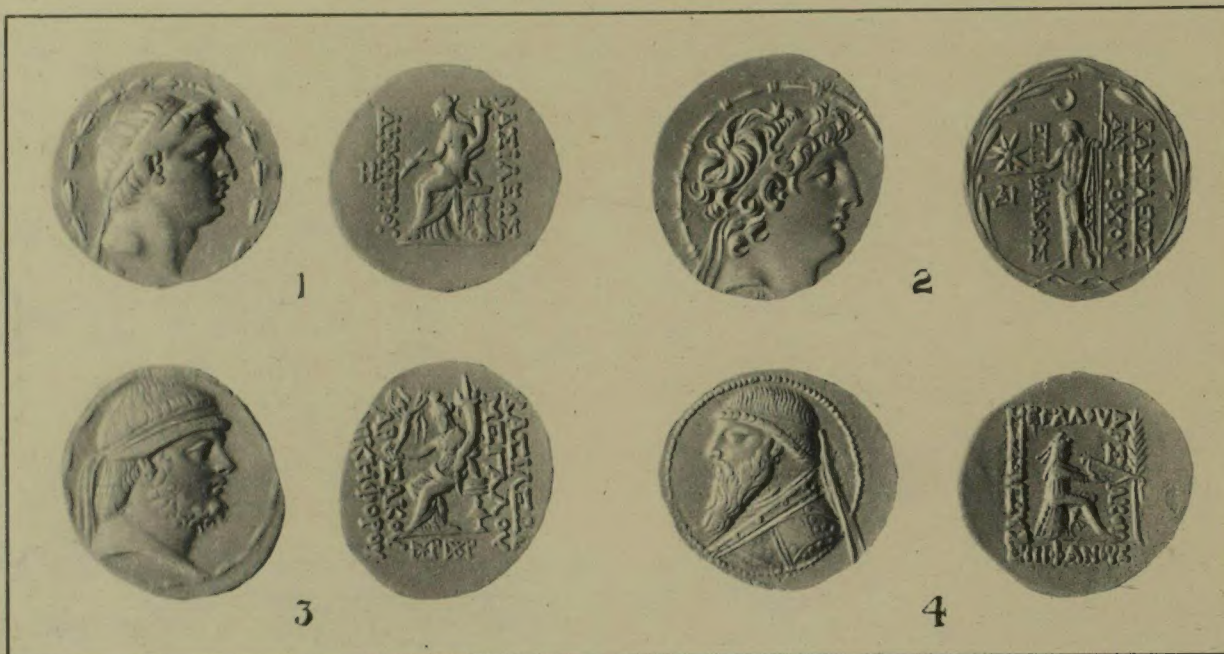
say that our faith about fundamental things must be always expanding and evolving and changing. And I said that, if we adopted that principle, there was really no reason why we should build permanent religious buildings at all. Why should we erect a temple to stand even two hundred years if all our conceptions of science and philosophy will be quite different in twenty years? I was careful to point out that our fathers who built the existing St. Paul's two hundred years ago did believe that the truth would last longer than the temple. I said not a word of disrespect about them or about the building that they made. What I said was that, if certain new

Chinese stoicism of Confucius. It would be to put up a lath-and-plaster pyramid whenever we were brooding over the ever-recurrent fashion and fascination of Isis and the cults of Egypt. But, whatever we put up, it must obviously be something that can be easily taken down. If we really disbelieve in the permanence of anything, even of the standards of the mind, we ought really to abandon the making of monuments, as we have abandoned the making of mummies. But the very fact that man has an indestructible instinct for rearing monuments that shall be as lasting as mountains is itself an evidence that he thinks in terms of immortality, and therefore will never consent to think in terms of relativity.

That was the criticism of modernist scepticism in which I really indulged; and, as my correspondent was apparently a sincere and earnest High Churchman, he ought to have entirely agreed with me. Probably, without knowing it, he did entirely agree with me. But by the weird operation I have described (that of a man feeling the presence of flippancy without following the direction of satire) he formed the impression that I was deriding ancient buildings instead of defending them. He also could not see the joke but only the joking. I tried to suggest that the very art of architecture testified with all its towers and pillars and pyramids against the impalpable negations

of modern doubt; that we could not compete with that cloudland of changing philosophy except by something more absurd than the collapsing palaces and dissolving views of a pantomime; that such sophistries could not really be solidified even for a day or for an hour; that all such evolutionary argument ends in vapour and the void; and the only impression which an intelligent High Churchman can form of my remarks is that I am making fun of St. Paul's Cathedral.

I am willing most warmly to agree that it is more likely to be my fault than his. I do not claim that it is a particularly good joke, though I do claim that it is a perfectly good argument. But what does mystify me is the promptitude with which such people pounce upon what one says, as compared with the slowness with which they appreciate what one means. That is really very like the jerk of nervous laughter that comes from the public meeting when the joke of some rather mild sort comes from the public platform. Just as the crowd is quicker to applaud the point than to see it, so the critic is quicker to attack the point than to see it. He seems quite certain, at once and on the spot, that he does see the point, though really (as he interprets it) there is no point at all. I wonder what the critic really thought was meant by the remarks about the cathedral. Perhaps the process is really rather instinctive than intellectual. A man who feels as if he or his faith had received an insult is like a man hit in the face, who feels it before he knows what it is. I think that sort of defence is very defensible.



FROM A GREAT HOARD OF ANCIENT COINS RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN PERSIA: FOUR SILVER TETRADRACHMS—(1) DEMETRIUS I., KING OF SYRIA, 162-150 B.C.; (REVERSE) THE FORTUNE OF ANTIOCH. (2) ANTIOCHUS VIII. OF SYRIA, 121-113 B.C.; (REVERSE) ZEUS URANIUS. (3) HIMERUS, KING OF PARTHIA, 124-3 B.C.; (REVERSE) DIONYSUS. (4) MITHRADATES II. OF PARTHIA, 123-87 B.C.; (REVERSE) ARSACES, FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY.

A great hoard of ancient silver coins, apparently part of a military treasure-chest, was recently discovered by Persian peasants. Some of the coins found their way to Europe and America, and have been examined by Mr. Edward T. Newell, President of the New York Numismatic Society, who has come to London to consult the authorities of the British Museum. He found that the coins were the tetra drachma and single drachma of the Kings of Parthia, Bactria, and Syria.—[By Courtesy of the Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum.]

notions were really adopted, such buildings never would or could be made. I said that, if those new notions were adopted, the only logical case would be



SHOWING (ON THE REVERSE) THE ROMAN EMPEROR CONSTANTIUS ENTERING LONDON: A LARGE GOLD MEDALLION FOUND AT ARRAS—OBSERVE AND REVERSE (ACTUAL SIZE).

A hoard of gold medallions was found some time ago by French workmen near Arras. "Among these," says Mr. Edward T. Newell, the American numismatist, "is a large gold medallion representing the Emperor Constantius entering the City of London, with the personification of London kneeling at his feet."

Reproduced from "Arethuse," a French Numismatic Review Published by Jules Florange, 17, Rue de la Banque, Paris.

to have no cathedral at all. It would be to put up a sort of stage scenery, which could be taken down again whenever we changed our minds in matters of religion. It would be to put up a pasteboard pagoda whenever we were in a mood to sympathise with the

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

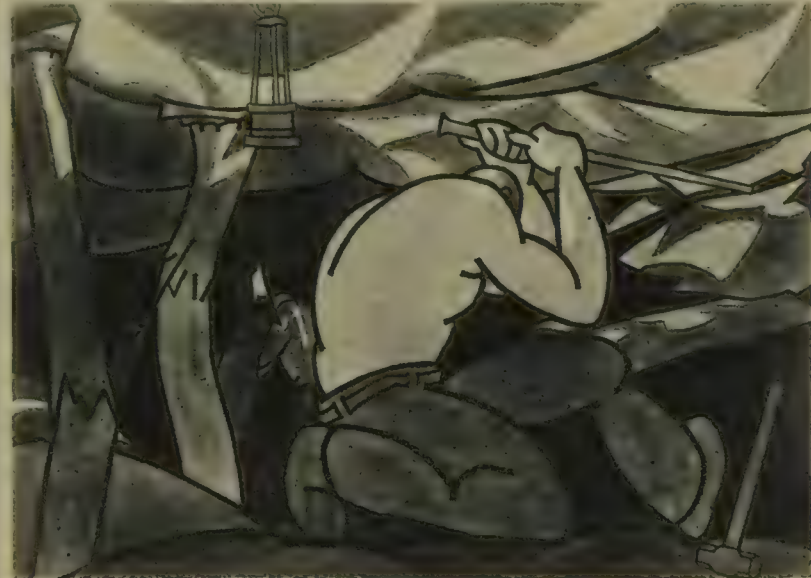
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 716, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

FROM COAL-MINE TO BOND STREET: A MINER-ARTIST'S EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." BY COURTESY OF THE REDFERN GALLERY. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



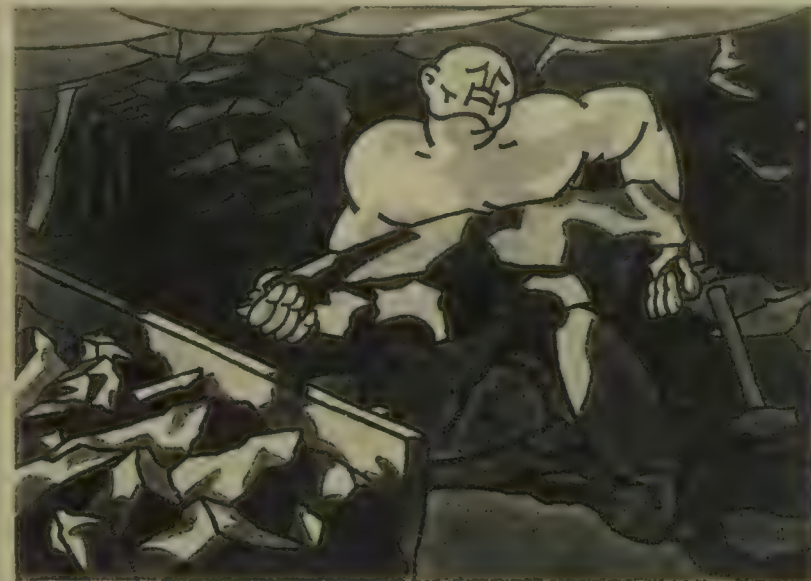
BY A NEWLY ARRIVED ARTIST WHO WAS FORMERLY A WORKING MINER:
"BAD ROOF," BY GEORGE BISSILL.



BY AN EX-MINER WHO AFTER THE WAR BECAME A PAVEMENT-ARTIST:
"WRINGING COAL," BY GEORGE BISSILL.



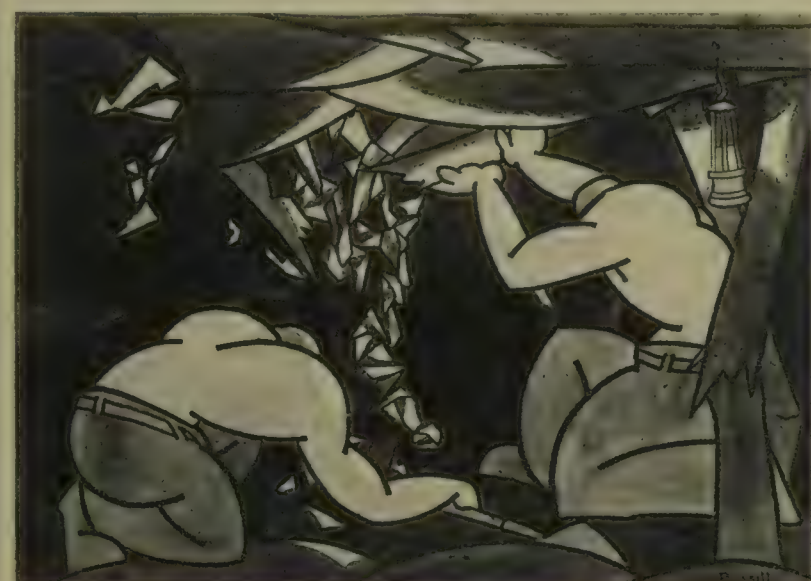
"DRIVING A BAR HOME": A DRAWING FROM MR. GEORGE BISSILL'S
EXHIBITION AT THE REDFERN GALLERY.



ANOTHER OF MR. GEORGE BISSILL'S REMARKABLE DRAWINGS OF COAL-MINES:
"LOADING THE TUB."



THE MINER'S LIFE PORTRAYED BY ONE WHO HAS LIVED IT: "LOADING COAL,"
BY GEORGE BISSILL.



THE PERILS OF COAL-MINING, BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS EXPERIENCED THEM:
"THE FALL," BY GEORGE BISSILL.

These remarkable drawings, from a series called "Life in the Coal-Mines," now on view at the Redfern Gallery, 27, Old Bond Street, are of especial interest because their author was himself at one time a working miner. Mr. George Bissill is a young artist who has just reached the distinction of a London exhibition after a period of struggle. He spent seven years in a Nottinghamshire coal-mine before serving in the war, and on his return he became a postman.

Ambition to make a career in art brought him to London with a pound or two in his pocket, but the pavement was his only gallery, and he made his "pitch" outside Bush House in the Strand. Then one day he walked boldly into the Redfern Gallery, and secured a sympathetic inspection of his drawings from the two young partners. "They looked at my work," he said afterwards, "not at my clothes. A name means nothing to them." So came his opportunity.

THE FRENCH AS GOLF ENTHUSIASTS: THE PARISIAN AT LA BOULIE.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY J. SIMONT.

*Putting down the ball, cutting after the ball.**Driving off from the tee.**On the links at La Boulie.**Putting down the ball, cutting after the ball.*

THE rapid transformation of the French into a nation of sportsmen is one of the most interesting changes which has taken place in any nation of recent times. It is highly instructive to turn over the pages of old "Punches," and see how comparatively few years have elapsed since the Frenchman was invariably caricatured as a gentleman with no ideas of sport, an active dislike of outdoor exercise, and a contempt for games! To-day our Latin Allies are to the fore in all sports and pastimes. Boxing, football, lawn-tennis, polo, and every other form of exercise are indulged in on the other side of the Channel with keenness and skill; while the Royal and Ancient game of golf is not far behind in popularity. Golf, indeed, is a game which should appeal to the French, for the old tradition of an alliance and a sympathy between the Scot and the Frenchman still has a strong hold on the imagination of our friends across the Channel, and golf is, of course, a Scottish game—whatever the Dutch may say about having invented it!

*Much vigour but a poor aim.**Regardless of weather: a hardy golfer holing out at La Boulie.*

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME ACROSS THE CHANNEL: PICTURES OF A 24-YEAR-OLD FRENCH COURSE.

Golf is now one of the most fashionable pastimes in France, and it is interesting to recall the growth of the popularity of the Royal and Ancient game among our Latin Allies. The first French Golf Club was that of Pau, and was founded in 1856 by, and for the English visitors, but one can only say that golf has been generally played in France for some thirty years. In the neighbourhood of Paris, golf has only been possible since 1896, when the Mesnil-le-Roi course was made; but

it did not become a really fashionable game for Parisians until the La Boulie Course at Saint-Cloud was opened in 1901. The La Boulie Links are considered a "chic" rendezvous among members of Parisian Society, and the Club is said to be one of the most exclusive in France. Our artist gives some attractive pictures of players on this course, and his drawings indicate the kind of country in which the La Boulie links are set.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DISTRACTED CHINA'S MIGHTY PAST: A "MING TOMB" IN THE SOUTH.



MORE ACCESSIBLE NOW THAN THE NORTHERN MING TOMBS, NEAR PEKING:
THE DRUM TOWER, NANKING.



WHERE THE FIRST OF THE MING EMPERORS WAS BURIED: THE ENTRANCE
TO THE TOMB OF HUNG WU, NEAR NANKING.



MASSIVE MEGALITHS THAT FLANK THE WINDING PATH TO HUNG WU'S
TOMB: A PAIR OF STONE ELEPHANTS.



WITNESSES TO THE MAGNIFICENCE OF HUNG WU, THE FIRST MING EMPEROR
OF CHINA: STATUES NEAR HIS TOMB.



ON THE ROAD TO THE MING TOMB NEAR NANKING: A PAIR OF STONE
CAMELS GUARDING THE APPROACH.

Among the marvels of antiquity which China customarily shows to her visitors are the graves of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, commonly called the "Ming Tombs," and situated near Peking. In these days when tuchuns are prowling about and bandits are rife, no doubt fewer globe-trotters go to these glories of the past than heretofore. It is not generally known, however, that the first of the Ming Emperors, Chu-Yuan Chang, who reigned as Hung Wu, was buried near

his own southern capital of Nanking. There one may see a "Ming Tomb" as remote and grand as those in the north. It is in many respects more interesting by reason of its solitariness, in addition to which one may get there by the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, which is virtually under British management, and of which tuchuns, bandits, and the like fight shy. Our pictures show the entrance to the tomb, and some of the massive megaliths which flank the approach.

NO MORE SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES!—CAREER PSYCHOLOGY TESTS.

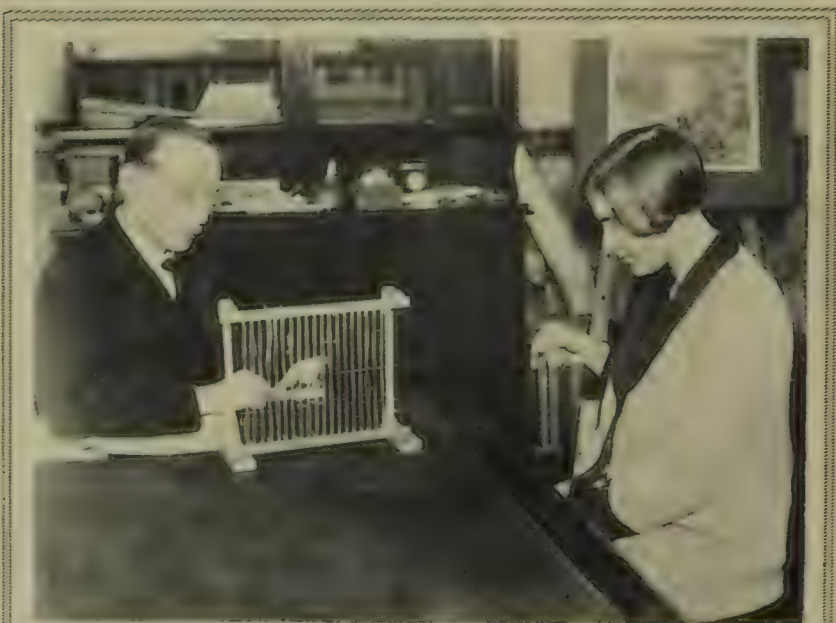
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



1. TESTING PUPILS LEAVING SCHOOL FOR CHOICE OF OCCUPATION: TAKING RECORDS OF PRESSURE EXERTED BY A BOY BLOWING INTO A MOUTHPIECE—A TEST OF PHYSICAL ABILITY AND SUSTAINED EFFORT.



2. A TEST THAT BRINGS OUT A MECHANICAL BENT: JOINING TOGETHER SETS OF PARTS, INCLUDING THOSE OF A BICYCLE BELL, A LOCK, AND A MOUSE-TRAP.



3. ONE OF SEVERAL TESTS FOR EMBROIDERY AND WEAVING: A PUPIL REQUIRED TO THREAD A NUMBER OF "EYES" WITH A LONG METAL NEEDLE.



4. ANOTHER TEST FOR THE EMBROIDERY AND WEAVING TRADES: A GIRL THREADING NUMEROUS HOLES IN A METAL PLATE IN A GIVEN ORDER, FROM ABOVE AND BELOW.



5. A TEST OF SPEED AND ACCURACY IN LARGE ARM MOVEMENTS, ESPECIALLY IN WEAVING, EMBROIDERY, AND TAPESTRY: TRANSFERRING THIMBLES FROM ONE ROW OF PEGS TO ANOTHER.



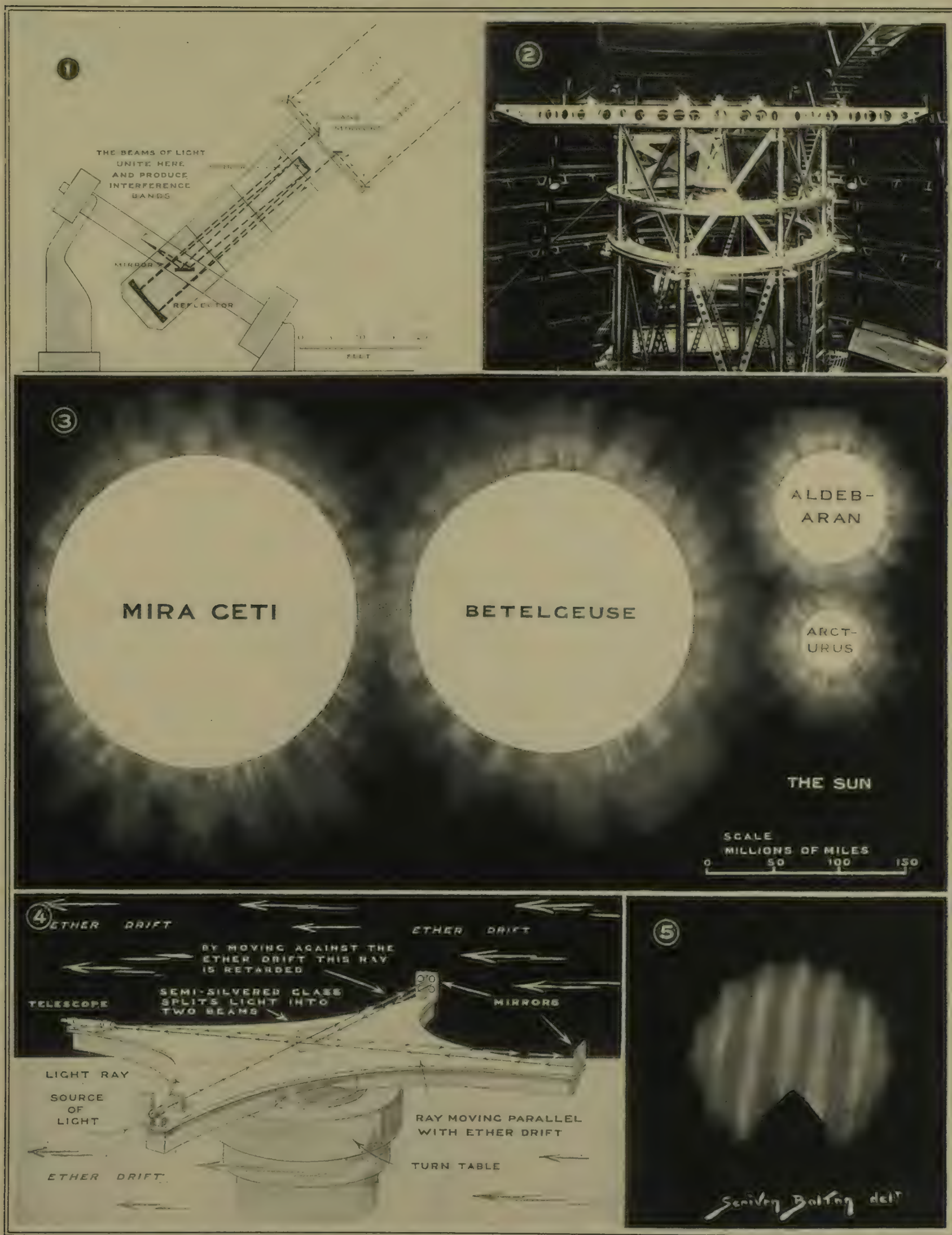
6. TESTING AN EYE FOR SHAPE—AN IMPORTANT FACULTY IN SUCH TRADES AS BLOCK-MAKING, PRINTING, AND TAPESTRY: A PUPIL PLACING BLOCKS OF SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM IN THEIR RIGHT RECESSES.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology, with the approval of the Ministry of Labour and the L.C.C., is to test a thousand children leaving school in a district of North London, with a view to advising on their future occupation. The following notes have been supplied in explanation of our photographs: (1) The boy must blow into the mouthpiece, while the pointer on the dial shows what pressure he is exerting. The examiner times him to see how long he is able to keep this pressure constant. (2) Some of the objects included are a bicycle bell, a lock, and a mouse-trap. A boy with a mechanical bent would come out well in this test. (3) The pupil uses a long metal needle to thread through a

number of "eyes." She must use great care to miss none, and must do this as quickly as possible. (4) The girl must thread through a large number of holes in a metal plate. She must take the holes in a given order, and put the needle in first from above, and then from below. She must do this as quickly as possible. (5) The girl must move the thimbles from one row of pegs to the other, and must do so without fumbling, and in as short a time as possible. (6) The shapes consist of wooden blocks, which must be placed in a board with suitable recesses. This examination is for block-makers, printers, and tapestry workers, who must remember to distinguish between hundreds of shapes."

MEASURING THE STARS, AND DETECTING ETHER: THE INTERFEROMETER.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC.



DETERMINING THE DIAMETER OF A STAR, AND THE EXISTENCE OF ETHER IN SPACE: DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE DUAL PURPOSE OF THE INTERFEROMETER.

"With the aid of the interferometer," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "it is now possible to measure directly the diameter of a star, although, even in the largest telescope, the eye sees nothing but a point of light. The angle which a star's diameter subtends as seen from the earth can be measured when the apparatus is attached to a telescope (Figs. 1 and 2). At each end of the 20-ft. girder placed across the end of the telescope tube (Fig. 2) is a plane mirror, the distance between the two being adjustable. When placed at some particular distance apart a star disc exhibits interference bands (Fig. 5), and, by knowing the precise distance when the bands appear for a certain star, the angular diameter of that object can be calculated. Successful measures have recently been made at Mount Wilson of Mira Ceti, the noted variable star, which proves

to be one of the largest stars yet discovered, surpassing in size even Betelgeuse, the giant sun. Its diameter exceeds the sun's by 250 times. Turning from the stars to the infinitude of space, the interferometer has given the only definite results of the existence of an ether. Fig. 4 shows Dr. T. C. Miller's apparatus, designed for this purpose, and fitted up on the summit of Mount Wilson. The interference fringes are clearly detected in this instrument." The titles of the drawings are: (1) Diagram of the interferometer used with the Mt. Wilson 100-in. reflector; (2) the 20-ft. girder of the Mt. Wilson interferometer; (3) Stars measured with the interferometer; (4) Another form of interferometer, designed by Dr. T. C. Miller, by which the ether in space was discovered; (5) Interference bands seen through the interferometer eye-piece.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

MILITARY memoirs still occupy a prominent place in the publishers' lists, as they are likely to do for many years to come. In so far as they relate to the Great War, they are to be regarded rather as material for history than as philosophic history of the conflict itself. An occurrence so colossal will require a proportionally great lapse of time before it can be viewed in anything like true perspective; but that consideration does not detract from the interest or fidelity of individual instalments. Among these, the personal contributions of the most eminent commanders are being added gradually to the body of information, and the most important of such recent works is that of General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. But the Great War is only an incident in the long career which is commemorated in "MEMOIRS OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE" (Murray; 25s.). It is the story of a soldier's life throughout the long and chequered period 1876-1923, and it is a record of active service in Zululand, Egypt, the Sudan, India, South Africa, and the Western Front in France.

The ingenious expedients by which junior officers obtained the desire of their hearts—namely, the chance to see active service—when the powers-that-be were unpropitious, have on more than one occasion afforded agreeable comic relief to military biography. If I remember rightly, the late Sir Harry McCalmont "wangled" his appointment to the Red River Expedition by a neat piece of audacity. As a subaltern, General Smith-Dorrien was no whit behindhand. When, in 1878, Lord Chelmsford asked for Smith-Dorrien to be sent to join him in South Africa, his C.O. refused; whereupon the young officer wired direct to the Military Secretary at the War Office saying that he was ready to start for the Cape at a moment's notice in any capacity which H.R.H. Field-Marshal the Commander-in-Chief might think fit to employ him. What Smith-Dorrien describes as "this unwarrantable piece of cheek" succeeded, and within three days he was on his way to the Cape. He was present on the stricken field of Isandlwana, and narrowly escaped with his life.

General Smith-Dorrien has also much to say about the long series of Egyptian campaigns in which he earned the D.S.O. He saw Omdurman and the Occupation of Khartum, and, what is even more interesting, he accompanied Kitchener to Fashoda. His story of that adventure proves that the peaceful solution of a most difficult affair was due, in large measure, to the sportsmanlike way in which the British received and treated Major Marchand. At the same time, had Marchand proved intractable, Kitchener was prepared to act, and with no half measures. General Smith-Dorrien's lively, anecdotal style is equally entertaining in his reminiscences of the South African War of 1899-1902. In his narrative of the part he played in the Great War, he touches, of necessity, on controversial questions, largely personal; but these he handles in a manner so frank as to convince every fair-minded reader of the justice of his case. He has been criticised for having stood to fight at Le Cateau in August 1914, but the weight of opinion is now in his favour.

Other episodes of the Great War have been set down by Colonel A. Rawlinson, under the title of "ADVENTURES ON THE WESTERN FRONT, AUGUST 1914—JUNE 1915" (Melrose; 21s.). Colonel Rawlinson is the author also of "Adventures in the Near East" and of a book vitally interesting to Londoners, "The Defence of London, 1915-1918," which was reviewed in these columns something more than a year ago. Colonel Rawlinson's earlier service was with those members of the Royal Automobile Club who volunteered to take their own cars out to France. There he lived dangerously in days when organisation was almost lacking, and when a man's own initiative and his power to extemporise meant all the difference between extinction or living to fight another day. Certainly Colonel Rawlinson has the knack of telling an exciting story.

That a soldier of long service should never see actual war is the most disappointing thing that can befall him, but that does not necessarily mean that his career shall be empty of usefulness or interest. Consequently Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, whom perverse Fate cheated of his chance of active service, has nevertheless been able to make a good and entertaining book of "GUNS, GUNNERS AND OTHERS" (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). This experienced artillery officer, it appears, was the victim of a piece of bureaucratic parsimony. Although he was appointed to the Experimental Siege-Train at Cairo during Arabi's rebellion, and was all ready to embark, he was stopped by a telegram at the last moment. Some time afterwards, at the War Office, he discovered a minute recommending that the post on the siege-train should be given to an officer already in Egypt "as thereby the passage money to Egypt for one officer would thereby be saved." This is Whitehall (it was then Pall Mall) in *excelesis*, even to the superfluous "thereby," a vain repetition which reminds me that during my own experience as a Government official (temporary), I used to be invited often by a colleague, also a "temporary" (but a stylist) to observe that "permanent officials write like plumbers." It was even so. Old soldiers do better. General O'Callaghan's book can be recommended not

only to gunners, but also to those laymen who are attracted by the enforced peaceful side of military life.

A book of a different order which includes the war period contains the private correspondence of a monarch whose character still remains in some obscurity. King Constantine of Greece was inevitably unpopular in this country, but there is always the chance that he, on various counts, may not have been quite fairly judged. He was certainly in a tight place, and he had not the qualities which bring a man through a supreme ordeal with success and credit. "What private griefs he had, alas! we know not" in full, but rather more intimate light is thrown on his difficulties by "A KING'S PRIVATE LETTERS," being letters written by King Constantine of Greece to Paola, Princess of Saxe-Weimar, during the years 1912 to 1923. (Nash and Grayson; 10s. 6d.) Rear-Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O., contributes a Preface.

In a most amusing *causerie* a writer in the *Weekly Dispatch* has been discussing the lure of detective stories. He notes the favour with which these are regarded by reviewers, and he finds the explanation in a neat parallel which he draws between the lot of the present-day reviewer and the dramatic critic of a time when the music-hall was in its glory. Weary of pretentious plays and



"THE KING OF BOOK-BUYERS": DR. ROSENBACH, WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN MAKING SENSATIONAL PURCHASES AT SOTHEBY'S.

Dr. Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach, whose volume of short stories of book-collecting adventures—"The Unpublishable Memoirs"—was noticed on this page in our issue of April 4, might be called the King of Book-buyers. He stated recently that he had spent £60,000 in public sales on this visit, and over £100,000 privately. His purchases have figured largely in the sale of the Britwell Library at Sotheby's, where he gave £3800 for a single quarto fragment, "Cenone and Paris" (London, 1594), a contemporary plagiarism of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." Dr. Rosenbach was born at Philadelphia in 1876, and became Secretary to the Rosenbach Company, dealers in rare books. In 1893 he collaborated with Austin Dobson in editing Dr. Johnson's "Prologue." Later, he catalogued the Stevenson collection in the library of the late H. E. Widener, and the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

players, the critic would fly to refresh himself with the capable, if narrow, efficiency of the old-time music-hall comedian. To-day, this essayist holds, the book reviewer, weary of sex and sin and psychopathic analysis, flies for refreshment to the short and simple annals of the "crook." It is, as it were, his pet Spa, where he can take, at leisure, his recreative "cure."

The writer claims, quite justly, that the detective story seldom comes in for a trouncing from the critics, and that, while this is partly owing to gratitude, it is not all mere foolish good-nature, for the average of current performance touches a high level of competence and craftsmanship. And so say all of us who, in our hours of case, or even of *disease*, have been well served by tales of the human sleuth-hound!

Our essayist, "J. A." discovers certain principles that govern the good detective story, and he notes that

much of the excellence is due to the high standard set by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. As regards principles, it is laid down that the detective must be the all-important figure, and that "love-interest" really does not matter, and, indeed, is often a hindrance. One class of detective story, however, occurs to me to which the love-interest is a necessity, and that is the tale where the actual crime, or the criminal, is no mystery, and where the main point is the prevention of known conspiracy and the arrest of the conspirators. Purists may object that this is not a detective story proper, but it is difficult to assign it to any other category, and, given a good love-interest as reinforcement, it can come off very well.

If you would see the sort of thing I mean you should read "THE AXE IS LAID," by J. D. Mackworth (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), the story of a Bolshevik plot to destroy British Government officials by a germ that sapped energy and initiative. You may at the outset be puzzled to understand why an Under-Secretary of State in desperate need of a Russian interpreter should send down to the Registry of all places, and should there find what he wants in the person of a young woman who had not been in the Service a week; but once get over that, and the rest is plain sailing. If the excellent battle of wits gives place too soon to physical force, "The Axe is Laid" is none the less a story that grips.

The book contains, by the way, a very neat artifice (almost Greek) for the removal of horror from the actual scene. It is used to suggest "judgment of death" by way of an anticipatory vision of fate on the part of the luckless person not yet formally condemned, but none the less certain of the gallows. The device gets over a crude and possibly nasty piece of narrative most successfully. Prevision of this kind was used also quite recently by Miss Delafield and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and very effective it is.

To return to the essentials of good detective fiction. "J. A." contends that the story should not be "too much like a crime investigation in real life," and that "authors who work with Scotland Yard material only handicap themselves considerably." It is intriguing (the term is, I think, legitimate here) to compare Sir Basil Thomson's "MR. PEPPER, INVESTIGATOR" (Castle; 7s. 6d.), for this is a book written by a former head of the C.I.D., who may be supposed reasonably enough to have founded his fiction on some actual fact. At any rate, he tells ingenious and enthralling stories, and, needless to say, he gets back with sly humour upon the amateur detective who is so often held up by novelists as a holy example to the professional.

Other aspects of detective fiction are illustrated most admirably by Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts' "INSPECTOR FRENCH'S GREATEST CASE" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), G. H. D. and Margaret Cole's "THE DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), and "THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG" by Frederick Irving Anderson (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). In the first of these the professional detective's skill, patience, and perseverance get the better at length of a very cunning and elusive knave; in the second—a diverting, fascinating, and variegated adventure—the Special Branch of Scotland Yard appears incidentally as somewhat heavy in wits and method; and the third is a lively series of tales showing how a very eminent New York policeman and his *aide* were baffled (and small shame to them) by a naughty but desperately clever and attractive woman. There is a little debauch of detective fiction for you, and I can recommend it most heartily, for it is a debauch that will not end in a headache.

About current fiction other than detective I had a good deal to say, but must reserve it for a later article. By way of entire contrast, let me "switch over" (as the B.B.C. people say) to a serious department of literature which is the very special concern of this journal—namely, archaeology. Merely by way of acknowledgment, for the fag-end of an article is beneath their deserts, I mention two authoritative and sumptuously illustrated volumes which have delighted my recent enforced leisure. As I read I recalled an April in Rome many years ago, and the charming conversation of that great scholar, the author of one of the books before me. "WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES" (Constable; 32s. 6d.), by Professor Rodolfo Lanciani (a frequent and very welcome contributor to these pages), is a masterpiece of erudition communicated in the most gracious and enticing manner. To read it is to hear Lanciani himself speaking. And what a master he is not only of classical and mediaeval antiquity, but of idiomatic English! To his magnificent work I hope to return. Meanwhile, everyone who loves Rome should make a point of reading the book.

The other goodly volume is "THE ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS," which contains the report of the School Excavations at Mycenae, 1921-1923 (Macmillan; £4 4s.). The record opens with an account of the most recent excavations at the Lion Gate—but I must not begin to enlarge to-day on this or any of these most engrossing records of "the dust and awful treasures of the dead" at "rich Mycenae." They will "keep" for an opportunity to do them justice: they are not, like so much current print, mere frail creatures of a day.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: A PAGE OF ORIENTAL CURIOSITIES.



"HIGH-DIVING" EXTRAORDINARY: AN INDIAN JUMPING FROM THE WALLS OF FATEHPUR SIKRI (A DEAD CITY) INTO THE GREAT WELL OVER 100 FT. BELOW.



WITH "HAIR" AND "MOUSTACHE" OF BUSHES: THE HEAD OF A ROCK-CUT BUDDHA IN A 500-FT. CLIFF AT KIATING, SZECHUAN, IN WESTERN CHINA.



WITH A BAG FOR "THE HEAVENLY PASS," A COIN FOR THE FERRYMAN, AND HAIR RELICS: A JAPANESE DEATH-ROBE, COVERED WITH BUDDHIST TEXTS (SEE PAGE 710).



A RECENT JAIN CEREMONY HELD EVERY 15 YEARS: WORSHIPPERS POURING SACRED CLEANSING LIQUID OVER THE GIGANTIC STATUE AT SRAVANA BELGOLA, IN MYSORE.

At the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, 23 miles south of Agra, there is a great well, 30 ft. across, into which natives plunge from a height of over 100 ft. on the walls above. The city was built by the Mogul Emperor Akbar in 1570, and was his capital for fifteen years, but was mysteriously abandoned.—The Japanese death-robe shown above is described in an article on page 710. The little bag, to be hung round the owner's neck after her death, contains relics of hair, a paper "coin" for the ferryman (a Buddhist "Charon"), and a kind of ticket called "the Heavenly Pass" to Gokurako, the Land of

Heavenly Rest.—The rock-cut head of Buddha at Kiating, in Szechuan, Western China, is believed to belong to a complete figure carved in the cliff, which is about 500 ft. high, but all except the face is obscured by an impenetrable growth of bush.—The gigantic statue at Sravana Belgola, near Seringapatam, in Mysore, is the centre of a Jain festival held every fifteen years. One took place last month, when Jain worshippers, standing on a huge scaffolding above the head of the statue, as shown in our illustration, poured over the figure a sacred cleansing liquid.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DAYLIGHT AND THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OLD beliefs die hard. The marvel is, in many cases, that they ever became beliefs! Many years ago, Henry Seebohm, an ornithologist with a following in his day, set out, with great elaboration, a theory to account for the origin and cause of migration, in so far as birds were concerned. It was a theory which covered a great deal of ground, but was based on the minimum possible amount of fact. The stimulating effects of light and the influence of Glacial Epochs formed the substance of his arguments. But one would have supposed that, by now, this possible factor of migration would have been buried, with innumerable other lost causes, in the limbo of oblivion.

Among its champions, however, was Sir E. Sharpey Schafer, who nearly twenty years ago read before the Scottish Natural History Society an essay, "On the Incidence of Daylight as a Determining Factor in Bird Migration," wherein he makes the sapient remark that "the regularity with which migration occurs indicates that the exciting cause must be regular. There is no yearly change, outside the equatorial zone, that occurs so regularly in point of time, as the change in the duration of daylight. On this ground this may well be considered a determining factor in migration, and it has the advantage over other suggested factors that it applies to the northerly as well as the southerly movement." He further adds: "That it [migration] is a result of developmental changes in the sexual organs is improbable." In this last comment we have, indeed, an instance of mistaking the shadow for the substance! But to this point a return must be made.

After the mass of evidence which has accumulated on this theme during the last few years, it seems almost incredible that there should be found to-day any who would spend a moment's consideration on these singularly futile speculations. Yet an American ornithologist has just revived Sir Edward's theory, and, furthermore, comes to the same conclusion with regard to the absence of relation between developmental changes in the reproductive organs and migration. His views, apparently, have been based on the work of the botanists Garner and Allard, on what they have termed "photo-periodism." This must strike anyone who has any acquaintance with the facts of migration, and of the bodies of the migrants, as a most unsatisfactory basis of argument. The reaction to light displayed by the cabbage is hardly likely to be of the same order as that displayed by the crow. But some people will postulate anything for the sake of an argument.

A Canadian ornithologist, Mr. William Rowan, has recently made this matter of the reaction of birds to light the subject of experiment, choosing a number of small, finch-like birds known as "Juncos," trapped on their southward migration to the Middle States, as his subjects. A dozen were put into an open-air aviary, lighted at sunset with two 50-watt electric lights. These were lighted so that the birds got about three minutes' longer illumination daily. But nothing would induce them to stay up past their bedtime, though some individuals

were less exact in retiring than others. These birds were killed at intervals of approximately two weeks, and their sexual organs examined. The author concludes that: "It would therefore appear that, whatever effect daily increases of illumination may, or may not, have on migration, they are conducive to developmental changes in the sexual organs."

The critical faculty in these experiments does not seem to have been very severely taxed. In all, no more than seven organs seem to have been examined.

Though, as yet, we cannot completely explain the influences at work which started the strange periodic wanderings which constitute "migration," we can at least make a shrewd guess. To begin with, it is to be noted, there is no migration save among birds which can contrive to find food wherever they may wander. Hornbills and toucans cannot leave their native forests, because outside they would inevitably starve. Seed-eaters, insect-eaters, ducks and their kind, and wading-birds, for example, can find food anywhere. When the hornbill or the toucan population increases beyond

the limits of the food-supply, famine results, till their numbers are once more reduced to reasonable limits in relation to the food-supply.

But when the seed-eating or the insect-eating species which now make up our migrants began to increase unduly in relation to the food-supply, they were able to spread outwards from the centre of famine. In each succeeding generation the young birds, at the commencement of the breeding-season, will be driven away from the scene of their birthplace, to found new colonies outside the zone held by the parents. In the course of time this extension of range brought the rangers into country where sharply marked seasonal changes of temperature were the rule. The optimum temperature for the summer months became impossible of attainment during the winter. Hence the birds were driven towards the Equator. But the Equatorial summer has become impossible to them, so they are perforce compelled to return to the land of their birth to fulfil their reproductive functions.

In the brief space now left to me I cannot fill in the details, but I have discussed the theme at length some years ago, and I have, indeed, referred to it more than once on this page. Some migrants make prodigious journeys. The Arctic tern has been described as "the champion long-distance migrant of the world." It breeds annually with us. But on the American side of the world it penetrates northwards to the uttermost limit of land, and winters as far south in the Antarctic as open water is to be found. So that its summer and winter homes are round about 11,000 miles apart! Our swallows, it would seem, winter at the Cape.

Much valuable work in the matter of plotting out migration routes has been done by American ornithologists. The bobolink, they have shown, is extending its breeding range in a westerly direction. The scarlet tanager has a markedly narrow migration route, though its east and west breeding range extends for a distance of some 1900 miles, as shown on the right-hand map of the two reproduced on this page.

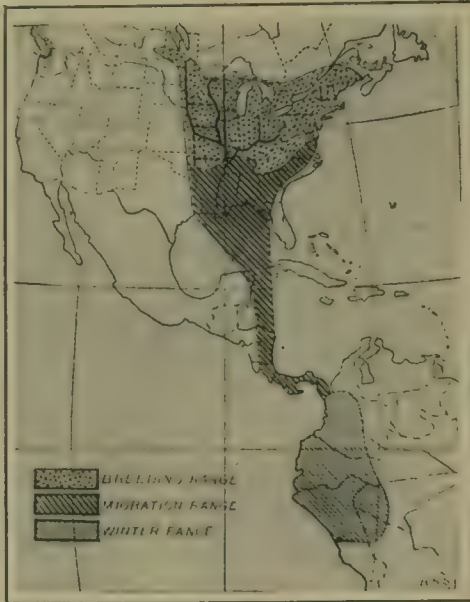
But, when all is said and done, we have a vast amount to discover as yet about migration.

Why does the cuckoo stay with us for no more than four months, leaving its young to find their winter quarters in Africa unaided? The swifts leave us before the middle of September, but the swallows and martins stay at least a month later. All alike are insect-eaters and find their food only in mid-air. Whatever may be the dominant factor in the migration of birds, it is certainly not the factor of daylight.



LITERALLY "POLES APART": THE BREEDING GROUND OF THE ARCTIC TERN AND ITS WINTER HOME IN THE ANTARCTIC.

The Arctic Tern has been called the "champion long-distance migrant of the world." In the western hemisphere it ranges north to the uttermost limit of land; here it breeds. In the winter it ranges as far south into the Antarctic as open water can be found.—The Scarlet Tanager's migration route is remarkable for its extreme narrowness, though, arrived at its northern breeding quarters, it expands its area over some 1900 miles.



THE MIGRATION ROUTE OF THE SCARLET TANAGER: A MAP SHOWING ITS PECULIARLY NARROW LIMITS.

Of two of these birds, A and B, he remarks that A went to roost in spite of the lights, from an hour to an hour and a half before B. A sang a good deal, B incessantly—and a female kept him company!



A BIRD WHOSE MIGRATION ROUTE IS MARKEDLY NARROW: THE SCARLET TANAGER—MALE (UPPER) AND FEMALE.

The Scarlet Tanager is a small, finch-like bird of great beauty, in so far as the male in its summer dress is concerned, the back and wings being black, the rest of the plumage a vivid scarlet. In its winter dress, dull green replaces the red, wherein he resembles the female, which, however, never develops black wings and tail.—The Arctic Tern breeds not only all round our seacoast, where suitable sites are available, but inland as well. When seen at large it is extremely difficult to distinguish from its near relation the Common Tern. In this last the beak is orange-red, tipped with black, while in the Arctic Tern it is crimson.—The male Bobolink, in its summer, or breeding, dress (upper figure), displays a pleasing combination of buff, cream, and black. Its winter coloration resembles that of the female, being of a dull brownish-black and buff. The range of its migration is gradually increasing, owing to the introduction of irrigation, which has converted arid regions into territory suited to its needs.



"THE CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE MIGRANT OF THE WORLD": THE ARCTIC TERN.



INCREASING ITS MIGRATION RANGE: THE BOBOLINK—MALE (UPPER) AND FEMALE.

But one can surely not regard the far-reaching conclusions arrived at as justified on the evidence derived from these two birds! The awakening of sexual desire is never synchronous in any group of animals, and neither does it attain to the same intensity in all. This is an incontrovertible fact, hence the conclusions arrived at on such slight material are valueless.

HOW A YOUNG CUCKOO "OUSTS THE LEGITIMATE NEST-HOLDER."

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY OLIVER G. PIKE, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S., ETC.

THE STRUGGLE BEGINS—THE SEDGE WARBLER ON TOP;
THE CUCKOO UNDERNEATH.

THE CUCKOO GETS ITS WINGS SPREAD UNDER ITS VICTIM.

"WHEN the young cuckoo first leaves its shell," writes Mr. Oliver G. Pike, "it looks as helpless as any other young bird. It is blind, and it has no feathers on its body. It resembles more than anything a small, almost black mass of flesh lying at the bottom of the nest. On the first day of its new life, it takes no notice of the other occupants, but on the afternoon of the second day, or more often on the morning of the third, instinct tells it that there are rivals for food in the nest, and it endeavours to turn them out. If there should be eggs in the nest, the task of the cuckoo is easy, for

it gets one upon its back and soon pushes it over the side. Then it goes down and commences upon the second egg, and so on with the rest. But if there should be young birds in the nest, the cuckoo has a more difficult time, for these other youngsters will often struggle violently. The whole idea of the cuckoo is to get underneath its companions. When it succeeds in getting one upon its back, it grips the nest firmly at the bottom or sides with its claws, then, by using its strong leg-muscles, raises its captive slowly with a series of jerks towards the edge of the nest. The young bird on top will often

[Continued below.]

THE SEDGE WARBLER GOING "OVER THE TOP," PUSHED
BY THE CUCKOO BELOW.THE SEDGE WARBLER FALLING DOWN, BUT STILL HOLDING
ON TO THE NEST.

[Continued.]

struggle so violently that it tumbles back, but the cuckoo persists, returns to the bottom of the nest, and commences its efforts again. If the young bird is a difficult subject to tackle, the cuckoo will endeavour to get its wings spread out underneath its captive. Then the fate of the bird above is sealed; for the cuckoo, besides pushing with its body, waves its wings up and down, and the prisoner is flung roughly over the side of the nest. The nest shown in my photographs is that of a reed warbler, but the young bird being pitched out is a young sedge warbler; for, when I went to the nest on

the morning of the third day after the cuckoo left the egg, I found that the youngster had forestalled me, and the three young reed warblers were lying dead on the marshy ground beneath the nest. I borrowed a young sedge warbler from a neighbouring nest, and, although it was twice the size of the cuckoo, a most wonderful struggle began directly I placed it in the nest. As the sedge warbler went 'over the top' one of its claws caught in the side of the nest, and it hung head downwards for three minutes. It was practically motionless all the time and was not touching the cuckoo; but, although the

[Continued below.]

THE SEDGE WARBLER GETS ITS CLAWS CAUGHT IN THE NEST,
AND HANGS HEAD DOWNWARDS.THE SEDGE WARBLER GONE AND THE CUCKOO LEFT ALONE
IN THE NEST.

[Continued.]

latter could not see what it was doing, it seemed to know that its captive was not free of the nest, for during the whole three minutes it kept waving its wings up and down and pushing with its body; but directly the warbler dropped into a cloth which I had provided, the cuckoo ceased its struggles, tumbled to the bottom of the nest, opened its beak, and began squeaking for food. I have often witnessed this wonderful struggle, and filmed it four times. Sometimes the whole performance is over in a few seconds; at other times it lasts for several minutes. I saw one young cuckoo really throw its companion over the side, and it fell four inches from the side of the nest, but

usually these unfortunate youngsters remain lodged just outside their home. The parents when they return will take no notice of these baby birds, and they quickly die of cold or starvation. If a young bird of any kind falls out of its nest before it is fledged, the parents will not continue to feed it; but as soon as it has feathers, even if it cannot fly, the parents will look after it if it tumbles out of its nest. The young cuckoo, on finding itself alone, has all the food that is brought to the nest, and it thrives amazingly. The feathers quickly appear, and ten days after it has ejected its companions it quite fills the nest."

THE ART OF THE ETCHER: A DRY-POINT BY RZEWUSKI.

FROM THE DRY-POINT BY ALEX. RZEWUSKI. (COPYRIGHT.)



"LE PRINTEMPS": A PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS NINA MDIVANI.

In the last issue of "The Illustrated London News" we gave some beautiful examples of etchings of modern Iraq by Charles W. Cain. In this number we reproduce some dry-points in a different style—two of the portraits by Comte Alex. Rzewuski, the Polish artist who is having so great a vogue in both Paris

and London. We intend to continue the series of reproductions of the work of modern etchers. An exhibition of dry-point portraits by Count Rzewuski was recently held at the Hôtel Jean Charpentier, in Paris, and roused much interest, not only because of the beauty of the work, but on account of the many distinguished sitters.

THE ART OF THE ETCHER: A DRY-POINT BY RZEWUSKI.

FROM THE DRY-POINT BY ALEX. RZEWUSKI. (COPYRIGHT.)



"L'HIVER": A PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ADAM LUBOMIRSKA.

This Rzewuski dry-point portrait is a delightful example of the art of the Polish artist, who has had so many well-known Society women among his sitters. Princess Adam Lubomirska is the wife of Prince Adam Jean Casimir Stanislas

Lubomirski, Seigneur de Rowno, Volhynie. She was formerly Marie Jelovicka; and was married in Vienna in 1902. She has two daughters and one son, and is one of the most beautiful women in Parisian society.

The Inlet People: Clansmen of a Dying Race.

"ANCIENT WARRIORS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC." By CHARLES HARRISON, F.R.A.I.*

THE Haidas are the Ou Hāadē, the Inlet People, of the Queen Charlotte Islands, which are off the western coast of Canada and, for administrative purposes, are part of the Province of British Columbia. "They were once a powerful nation, and the terror of all the surrounding tribes. One hundred years ago they were numbered by tens of thousands; now only about one thousand can be found. Where are they now? Some of the Gi-hangs or tall carved columns are still in existence, but the people are gone. The boxes in which they buried their dead (fixing them on two large posts planted in the ground) are decaying and fast disappearing, and a few

to two feet wide, and about the same depth. Now wooden vessels cannot be placed on a fire, so the meat or fish was put in wooden vessels, water added, and then hot stones were dropped in until the water boiled, this being continued till the food was cooked."

Ingenious—and one of numerous ingenuities born of necessity. "Soap they knew not, but used pieces of pumice from the West Coast, and also a greyish clay for cleansing their persons; needless to say, neither were very effective, nor were they frequently used."

"They never discovered the use of a wick soaked in oil, so had no lamps; when they wanted a light they merely took a flaming brand from the fire, or they sometimes lit one of the oily fish called *oolachan* of which they generally had a supply. . . . Stone mortars and pestles of basalt were made for grinding tobacco, their original tobacco being made from the inner bark of the willow."

In building nailless homes and cedar-log canoes they were masters. "A Haida house was formerly a structure about one hundred feet in length and seventy-five feet in width. Standing outside some of these old houses one could lean on the lower rafters. The sides of these houses were made of immense cedar boards four and five feet in width and capped at the edges to turn the water. . . . Entering the door in front of the house a few steps led down to the very clean and comfortable interior, where many families generally lived with all their possessions piled near them. The cedar logs for these large houses were hewn with stone axes and adzes, the houses having been erected before iron was known to the Haidas. The chopped surface was so level that a person would actually believe at a casual glance that the timber had been sawn. In some of the houses there was a door cut into the side for the use of slaves only, and once this side door was made the slaves were not allowed to enter by the door in front of the house." As to canoes, the Haidas were the best craftsmen on the Pacific coast. "The canoes ranged from twelve to seventy feet in length, and for many years most of the supplies from the mainland were brought across Hecate Straits from Port Simpson in Haida war canoes capable of carrying eight tons dead-weight, besides a crew of five to nine men."

In the intervals of labour they feasted and danced; hunted sea-lions, fur-seals, and sea-otters; caught halibut; trapped bears, land-otters, martens, and salmon—and "if a hunter saw a caterpillar on leaving the camp, he would pick it up and bite it in half, swallowing each portion consecutively. This charm ensured good luck."

The fashioning of totem poles, the ancestral trees, must have been quite a business also; for the totem

poles have often been referred to as religious emblems, but whatever is buried in the origin of the cult, they are not objects of worship, and for all practical purposes have only a genealogical significance, and represent one or other of the four family crests, and all the Haidas belong to one or the other of these four; the crest of the owner of the house before which it was erected was generally the top-most carved figure, with his wife's crest carved beneath, and then followed the crests of the notable ancestors that had been connected with his own or his wife's family.

"Whenever a human figure was carved as the lowest figure on any totem, it was said that it was



WEARING A BLANKET DECORATED WITH THE FROG TOTEM: A HAIDA CHIEF'S WIFE.

Reproduced from "Ancient Warriors of the North Pacific." By Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

mummified remains are all that are left of these skilful and fierce warriors. Their villages are in ruins, their old carved columns stand out grim and grey against the shadow of the woods. Moss and weeds grow upon the great rafters of their old hewn houses; grass fills the terraces about the hearth and chokes the doorways of their strange old habitations. Those who occupied them are now all dead, and the present generation have taken up their abode in dwellings of a more modern kind. The remnants of the thirty-nine clans of this decaying nation have been gathered into four small villages." High wages in coast towns and the temptations of the mainland have thinned their ranks; the melting-pot is fusing the residue with others: "Their history is only another example of the inability of the North American Indian race to survive in contact with European civilisation."

When the reach-me-downs, the tweed suits, the new underwear, the gingham, prints, and silks of the stores replaced the shirts and petticoats of the inner bark of the cedar and the roots of the spruce, the blanket, and the skins of the sea-otter, the fur-seal, the land-otter and the marten, it was the beginning of the end.

No longer can it be written that "an axe having been given to one, it pleased his fancy on account of its metallic brightness, which he likened to a silver salmon. He did not know its use, but, taking the handle out, hung it round his neck as an ornament." No longer is the heated stone a kitchen necessity. Yet only fifty years ago the Haidas were in the Neolithic Age. "The Haidas never developed the art of making pottery. Their utensils were hewn out of wood with stone tools. For dishes they had troughs from one to six feet long, from one

*"Ancient Warriors of the North Pacific: The Haidas, their Laws, Customs, and Legends; with Some Historical Account of the Queen Charlotte Islands." By Charles Harrison, F.R.A.I. With Illustrations from Photographs; and a Map. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 15s. net.)



WORN BY AN OVER-ALLED MAN! AN INDIAN IN A TOTEMIC DANCING-DRESS.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Museum of Canada.

a sure sign that a slave had been killed and put into the hole, the totem pole being raised up on his dead body. Some men affirmed that at times the slave was bound hand and foot and placed in the hole alive."

"Other poles were carved only at the top and bottom, and generally had a sheet of copper carved with the owner's crest nailed in the centre. The significance of this was that whenever any great chief died, his successor to the chieftainship erected a pole to his memory—in fact, it was the Haida tombstone, and was called the obituary Gi-hang."

To the Sá-ag-gá, or Shamans, or devil-doctors, fell special duties—and profit. But the fees were earned! It was not easy to become a medicine-man. Election and initiation meant genuine training and privations; and in old times "the novice also had to partake of human flesh, probably that of a slave; later on a dog was substituted." A Samson "touch" was added. "According to old tradition and the oaths taken at the time of their initiation, the medicine-men were never allowed to have their hair cut or even allowed to have it properly combed. . . . This long hair was believed to assist in his magical power over the evil spirits. As soon as the hair was cut the man lost the rank and dignity of a magician, and his clients refused to consult him in case of illness, as they fully believed that all his magical influence had departed from him."

No longer are these things, and it is very well that their memory should have been preserved by one with such authority as Mr. Harrison, who first landed on the Islands as far back as 1883, and had the desire and the will not only to teach, but to learn. His story of the Haidas, their physical and mental characteristics, their habits and customs, their clans—from

"the cod-fish people" of the projecting chins, to the "small herring-spawn people," and the mischievous "men who could lay eggs and hatch troubles"—is as excellent as it is entertaining, a valuable contribution to the literature of ethnography.

E. H. G.



CRESTS OF ANCIENT WARRIORS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC: TOTEMS OF THE BEAR TRIBE; QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

Reproduced from "Ancient Warriors of the North Pacific." By Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

system was general throughout the tribe, "and before each house was displayed the great totem pole bearing the owner's crest. The devices carved on these totems represented mainly the eagle, bear, raven, and the fin-back whale. . . . These totem

ANCESTRAL TREES OF A DYING RACE: NORTH PACIFIC "GI-HANGS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF CANADA.



FASHIONED FROM A SINGLE CEDAR-LOG; SOME FIFTY FEET LONG; AND MOST SEAWORTHY: A HAIDA CANOE.



ILLUSTRATING THE CLANS OF A CHIEF, AND THE FAMILY PEDIGREE: TOTEM POLES, OR GI-HANGS, OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.



BUILT WITHOUT NAILS; AND VERY LOW: COMMUNAL CEDAR-WOOD HOUSES OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

It is written in Mr. Charles Harrison's "Ancient Warriors of the North Pacific": "Before each house a large pole or column was formerly erected bearing the owner's crest, which was generally a raven, frog, bear, eagle, or fin-back whale. These long poles were called Gi-hangs, and . . . they are known as totem poles. . . . The owner's crest was generally carved as the topmost figure, and the rest set forth the owner's pedigree and that of his wife. The totem pole was the ancestral tree, and showed distinctly the different crests or tribes from which his forbears had descended."

EVERY CEDAR-PLANK HOUSE WITH ITS TOTEM POLE (ITS OWNER'S ANCESTRAL TREE) BEFORE IT: MASSETT AS IT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO.



As is noted in the article opposite, the Indians of the Western Coast of Canada, and of the Charlotte Islands, are fast dying out in the tribal sense; for they have become modernised and are merging with other peoples. Totem poles still exist, but they are mere relics of a picturesque past, and it is to be feared that they will never again be fashioned; nor will there be set up those nailless homes of

the type illustrated—structures of cedar, hewn with stone axes and adzes. So, too, will it be with the canoes, for which the clansmen were famous. And, in this connection, it may be noted that certain Haida war canoes could carry eight tons dead-weight, in addition to a crew of from five to nine men. They varied in length from twelve to seventy feet.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

AS the train from London to the Sussex coast progresses westward from Brighton, the hills gradually die away and the country becomes flat. Vistas diminish more and more, and the hedges are formidable barriers to the vision, since there are no eminences to help the eye to hurdle them. Railway stations are numerous, and a tiny one bears the name of Angmering-on-Sea.

Descending here and walking along a leafy road that is like a tunnel with its hedges and trees, the quaint seaside village of East Preston appears. The intricate ganglion of crooked roads presented a puzzle as to the course I should pursue, but the tiny village "pub" yielded both information and cigarettes, and I proceeded more or less vaguely, according to the former. Across a pasture with turnstiles I wended my way, again begging direction from a handsome boy with large dark eyes and black curly hair. Later at the luncheon table the boy appeared: no more accurate authority on the location of the "last house to the left" could have been encountered, as he was Mr. Israel Zangwill's son.

The house was all but lost in a growth of huge trees and bushes, the wall surrounding it being obscured in a similar way. A gate led through it to the main entrance of the cottage, where Mr. Zangwill met me. Since the days of the popularity of his famous Ghetto stories, I had been fascinated by the idea that he was in all probability one of the ugliest of men. I expected on this occasion to see him very dark and gaunt, with long, dank, straight hair, like an extreme caricature of George Eliot drawn, if it were possible, by Goya. And I liked the idea: the right kind of ugliness is often more attractive than average comeliness. But I was doomed to disappointment. Whatever he may have been in his younger years, time had evidently spoiled him. He was not particularly ugly at all. His skin was not dark, but of an ivory hue; his hair was a crisp curly white; and his features did not afford the extremes of contour which I longed to mimic with my pencil. Abundant compensation was to be found in the character and psychological problems of his face, but I had had my heart set on an exceedingly ugly subject. There was a very scholarly air about the man that was pleasing, and the inflections of his soft voice were in keeping with it.

As I followed him up the stairway from the entrance hall, familiar illustrations for his novels by American artists adorned the walls. The best of these were by the late Louis Loeb, with whom, my host told me, he had been on terms of intimate friendship. We emerged into a large studio that resembled more the workshop of a painter than that of a literary man, and here my sketch was produced.

Since the days of his early successes, Mr. Zangwill told me, there has been a considerable lapse in his efforts as a novelist. For ten years or more other labours kept him from this form of expression. One of the chief deterrents was his activity in the Zionist movement, which involved much travel, and

expense of time and effort. Then came an interval of leisure for novel-writing again.

"I produced one of the best pieces of work that I have ever achieved," he said, "and after my ten years' absence from the field I had every reason to believe that my return would be hailed with acclaim. In the past it would have been so, but in these days of rapid change and movement, novelty only seems to command the world's interest. I was greatly surprised and disappointed. My fickle public seemed to have forgotten about me."

He talked for a while about books and plays. Of his own writings for the stage, "Merely Mary Ann" was the greatest success. It has been playing for many years, and still yields handsome royalties. It is soon to be produced in the cinema as well. At the time of our meeting he was at work on an ambitious historical novel that he hopes to make his best work.

He spoke of the place in the world of the Jew, his success in the arts as well as in commerce. He gave a very high rating to his race indeed, telling of their diversified talents, and enumerating some of the greatest names among them. Yet this superior people remained without a country of their own. A scheme many years ago to create a new Zion in one of the north-western states of America nearly achieved success, but finally failed. The orthodox Jews believe that waiting only is necessary to give to them their Promised Land; but the modern thinkers of the race prefer to rely on their own activities to achieve the desired goal.

When the Great War began, Mr. Zangwill said that he was for victory over Germany at any cost; but, as the struggle progressed, he turned pacifist in his convictions. This did not contribute to his popularity, but he could see the situation in no other way. When the Armistice was declared, and everyone else was celebrating the coming of peace, he organised a celebration for the German prisoners in Britain.

"This, too, was unpopular, but the authorities could not refuse it. It really turned out to be quite a nuisance in the end, as Germans everywhere seemed to think me a great enthusiast for their cause. They have been writing me ever since for favours such as the selling of their products for them, gifts of money, and what not!"

Mrs. Zangwill I found very charming indeed, and in her handsome face was apparent the source of the dark beauty of her son. She, too, is a novelist, and her fourth book was then nearing completion. At luncheon her husband evinced in advance a bit of the spirit that was destined to make his then imminent visit to America a bit less pleasant for all parties concerned than could have been desired. He was much annoyed and quite indignant at the officials of the American Consulate-General in London because of their refusal to suspend in his case the rule requiring the personal appearance at the Consulate of travellers desiring visas for their passports. Several letters had been

exchanged, Mr. Zangwill putting forth all possible arguments why he should be spared the journey to London.

"In my last letter I pointed out that I have plenty of money, and there is no danger of my becoming a public charge; besides, I am to be the guest of a millionaire during my visit. The reason of my journey is that I have been invited especially to address the Jews of America; on my last visit I was a guest at the White House. Then, too, I have been for years a contributor to Ambassador Harvey's own magazine, and many other prominent American publications. I could not think of any other reasons at the time, or I would have included them. The matter is still on the knees of the gods; I await the final verdict."

The sketch completed, we had tea in the garden. Rarely have I seen such luxuriant arboreal growth as this locality displays. A walk through the grounds followed, and to the seashore near by, my host presenting a quaint figure with his hat perched high on his bushy hair that whipped in the brisk wind. He walked with peculiar short, choppy steps, with which his head beat time, thrusting forward at each little stride. Thus ended a most pleasant day, my journey to London being much enlivened by the agreeable company of Mrs. Dawson Scott, writer, and founder of the P.E.N. Club, who recently found her way into the hearts of Americans when that organisation had its international convention in New York.

WALTER TITTLE.



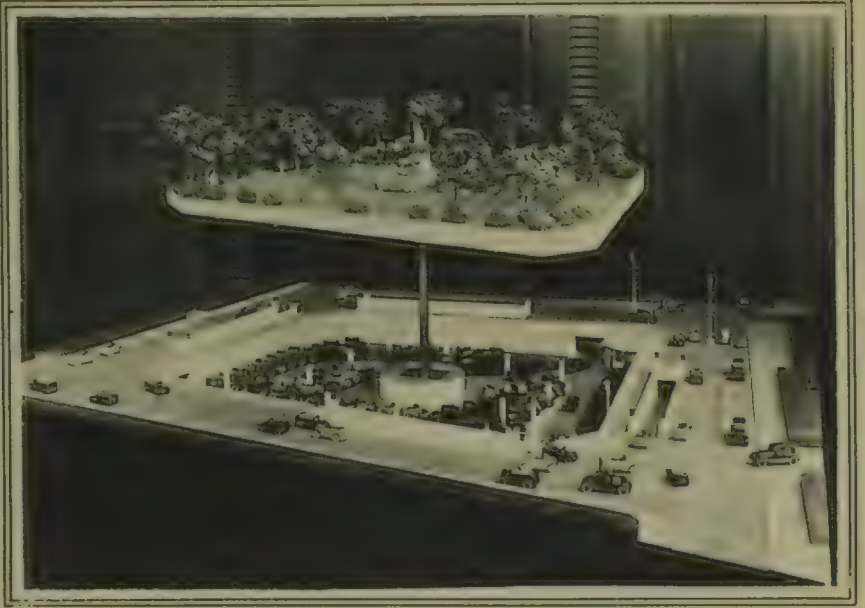
WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT: MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

FROM NEAR AND FAR: LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

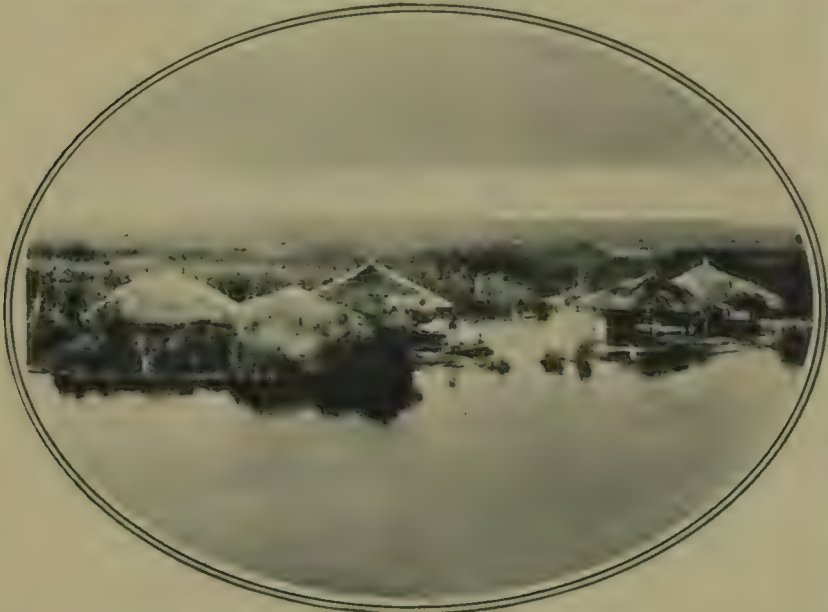
PHOTOGRAPH No. 6 BY C.P.



MOTOR-CAR "PARKS" UNDER LONDON SQUARES: A MODEL OF LEICESTER SQUARE AS IT WOULD BE IF THE A.A. SUGGESTION WERE CARRIED OUT.



TO ACCOMMODATE 170 PARKED CARS; BUT NOT FOR USE AS A GARAGE OR REPAIR-SHOP: "LEICESTER SQUARE" RAISED TO SHOW THE "PARK" BENEATH IT.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DECK OF A RIVER STEAMER PLYING OVER A DISTRICT USUALLY SERVED BY RAILWAY: A SUGAR ESTATE SUBMERGED BY THE ZAMBESI.

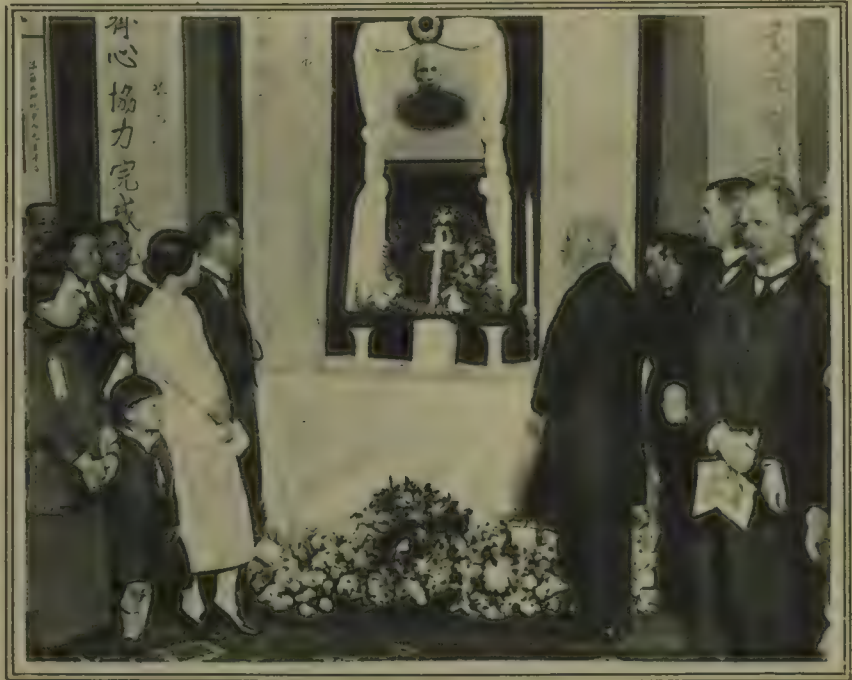


WHEN MANY MILES OF RAILWAY WERE WASHED AWAY AND TRAVEL HAD TO BE BY RIVER STEAMER: THE FLOODING OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.



THE BURIAL OF THE FIRST (PROVISIONAL) PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA: SOME OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF STUDENTS GATHERED TO PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO DR. SUN YAT-SEN.

The parking of motor-cars is, of course, one of the great problems of our traffic-congested cities, and the engineers of the Automobile Association suggest making "parks" (not garages) beneath the chief squares of London. The idea is that these underground parking places would be self-supporting, fees being charged according to duration of parking.—The correspondent who sends us the Zambesi flood photographs, writes: "I took these in March, in Nyasaland, while travelling from Blantyre to Beira. They were taken from the deck of a river steamer which was plying over a district usually covered by the railway, which had been washed away for many miles by the floods of the Zambesi River, which have been abnormal this year. In many places the boat left the course of the river and steamed over sugar estates and fields of mealies."—Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who



WITH A PICTURE OF THE DEAD PRESIDENT OVER THE SHRINE: A SERVICE FOR THE LATE DR. SUN YAT-SEN AT THE CHINESE LEGATION—SIR JAMES CANTLIE AT THE RIGHT OF THE SHRINE.

died on March 11, became Provisional President of the new Republic of China after the Revolution of 1911-12, but retired in favour of Yuan Shih-Kai. Six years later he quarrelled with Yuan, and got himself elected President of a Southern Chinese Republic. It will be recalled that Sir James Cantlie was the friend with whom he got in touch while a prisoner in the Imperial Chinese Legation in Portland Place in 1896, and that it was Sir James who went to the Foreign Office and persuaded officialdom to take up the matter, with the result that Sun Yat-Sen was released. The Memorial Service at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place was held on April 12. The room in the Legation in which Sun Yat-Sen was once a prisoner has been locked; and will be kept so, in memory of his sacrifices for his country.

A GREAT WORK OF SUMERIAN ART: NEW TREASURES FROM UR.



HOLDING OUT "THE ROD AND LINE OF THE ARCHITECT": A SEATED FIGURE OF THE MOON-GOD ON THE GREAT STELA FOUND RECENTLY AT UR OF THE CHALDEES.

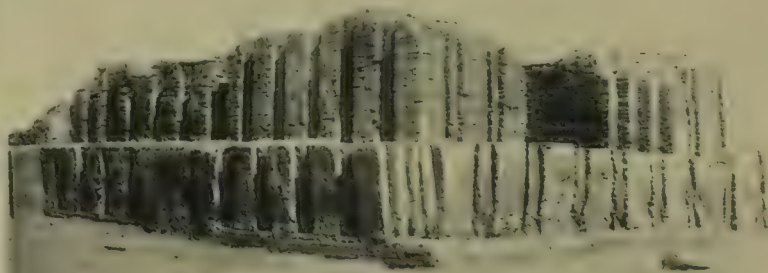


CARVED ON "ONE OF THE GREATEST AND MOST SPLENDID WORKS OF ART IN STONE THAT MESOPOTAMIA HAS YET PRODUCED": THE "INTRODUCING GOD," ON THE NEWLY FOUND STELA.

"ONE OF THE TWO FINEST WORKS OF SUMERIAN ART KNOWN": CONNECTED FRAGMENTS OF THE STELA—ONE SHOWING KING UR-ENGUR CARRYING MASON'S TOOLS.



PART OF THE BUILDING IN WHOSE COURTYARD THE GREAT STELA WAS DISCOVERED: DOORWAYS IN THE NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE SHRINE CALLED E-DUB-LAL-MAKH.



NOW EXCAVATED DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF PAVEMENTS DATING FROM ABOUT THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: THE SHRINE E-DUB-LAL-MAKH SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.

New discoveries of high importance have been made at Ur by the joint expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Philadelphia, whose work we have several times illustrated. Writing from Baghdad on March 8, the leader, Mr. Leonard Woolley, says in his latest report: "This month we have found, strewn over the floor of a courtyard which we were laboriously clearing, fragments, themselves large enough to be reckoned as monuments, of one of the greatest and most splendid works of art in stone that Mesopotamia has yet produced. Last year we laid bare the Ziggurat of Ur, the huge tower of the Moon-god set up by King Ur-Engur about 2300 B.C. Now we have, beautifully carved in relief upon a limestone slab, which when complete was 5 ft. across

and nearly 15 ft. high, the portrait of its builder and his own record of its conception and achievement. In one scene the king receives from his god the order to build the tower; the god holds out to him the rod and line of the architect; the measuring reed and the flaxen line with which Ezekiel, an exile by the waters of Babylon, saw planned out the city and temple of his dreams. In another scene Ur-Engur shows his obedience by appearing before the god carrying all the tools of the mason, ready himself to lay the first brick of the Ziggurat. Scenes of sacrifice and of music illustrate the piety and the triumphs of the great founder of the Third Dynasty of Ur. Broken as it is, and in parts much damaged, this stela ranks as one of the two finest works of Sumerian art known,

NEW DISCOVERIES AT ABRAHAM'S CITY: AN ANCIENT SHRINE AT UR.



"LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF NIN-GAL, THE MOON-GOD'S WIFE": A GATEWAY IN THE WALLS OF E-DUB-LAL-MAKH, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE ANCIENT SHRINES AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, ONCE THE HOME OF ABRAHAM.



WHERE THE MAGNIFICENT STELA (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) WAS RECENTLY FOUND: THE GREAT COURTYARD ON THE SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF E-DUB-LAL-MAKH, SHOWING THE STEPS TO THE GREAT ZIGGURAT OF UR, SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH ITS STAIRWAY.

Continued.]

and in dramatic interest is surpassed by none. The discovery was made in the courtyard of E-dub-lal-makh, one of the most important of the ancient shrines of Ur. In a previous report I described the excavation of its upper levels; now it has been cleared down to the pavements laid by Kuri-galzu, King of Babylon about the sixteenth century B.C., and only the Ziggurat itself is a more imposing ruin. Through side chambers and gateways which still stand to over the height of a man, the visitor passes into a great paved court, at one end of which the little shrine rises high on its pedestal of panelled brickwork to dominate the buildings all round. From a corner of the court a flight of steps leads up to the terrace on which the Ziggurat is built; another gateway forms the end of a paved street

leading to the Temple of Nin-Gal, the Moon-god's wife. This temple has also been cleared. At the end of three years' work we have covered between a third and a half of the area of the walled enclosure which was the Temenos or Sacred Place of Ur, and our plans, at least for the various periods between the sixteenth century B.C. and the sixth—when Nebuchadnezzar put up his new Temenos wall round the ancient sanctuaries, and his grandson Nabonidus restored them for the last time—are fairly complete; so that we can already form a tolerably coherent and truthful picture of this northern end of the Temenos at a much earlier date, when Ur-Engur's Ziggurat was new; or when, later, Abraham walked along the brick-paved streets of Ur."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"A NEW EPOCH HAS BEGUN": LORD BALFOUR INAUGURATING THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY AT JERUSALEM.



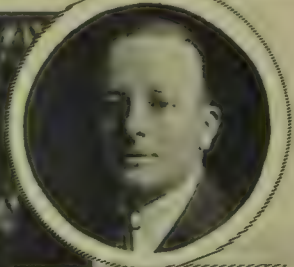
"FROM WHERE YOU ARE SITTING YOU CAN SEE THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL FIRST ENTERED THE PROMISED LAND": LORD BALFOUR (IN CENTRE) DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN THE AMPHITHEATRE ON MOUNT SCOPUS BELOW THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

Lord Balfour, whose subsequent visit to Damascus caused disturbances there, performed on April 1 the principal task of his visit to Palestine, the inauguration of the new Hebrew University at Jerusalem. The ceremony took place in an open-air amphitheatre, of Greek design, on the side of Mount Scopus just below the University buildings. The principal guests, among whom were also Lord Allenby and Sir Herbert Samuel, were in a tribune constructed over the gully in front of the amphitheatre. Lord Balfour may be seen standing, in academic robes, near the centre of the photograph, delivering his inaugural address. He has since left Palestine, and arrived at Alexandria on April 13. When he rose to speak on the occasion here illustrated, the whole assembly rose with him and gave him a great ovation. In his speech he said: "What is it that has brought together this vast concourse? . . . It is the consciousness that

this marks a great epoch in the history of a people who made this little land of Palestine the centre of great religions, whose intellectual and moral destiny is from the national point of view reviving, and who will look back to this day we are celebrating as one of the great milestones in their future career. . . . From where you are sitting you can see the very spot where the Children of Israel first entered the Promised Land, and it was from this very hill that the Roman destroyers of Jerusalem conducted their siege which brought to an end that great chapter of the Jewish people. . . . Well, a new epoch has begun. The great effort within Palestine which came to an end so many hundreds of years ago is going to be resumed in the ancient home of the people. . . . We are now engaged in adapting Western methods and a Western form of university to an Eastern site and education in an Eastern language."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH, TOPICAL, VANDYK, SPORT AND GENERAL, P. AND A., C.N., AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR:
THE LATE MR. MALCOLM
CHERRY.



MAKERS OF A DELIBERATE 1500-FT. FALL BEFORE
OPENING THEIR PARACHUTES: STAFF-SERG. RANDALL
VOSE AND CORPORAL ARTHUR BERGO.



A WORLD-FAMOUS SINGER FOR WHOM
A CANADIAN BENEFIT FUND IS BEING
ORGANISED: MME. ALBANI.

A GREAT POLO-PLAYER, FOUND DEAD UNDER
TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES: THE LATE LIEUT.-
COL. C. P. NICKALLS.



THE JODHPUR POLO TEAM, WINNERS OF THE INDIAN CHAMPIONSHIP; NOW
IN THIS COUNTRY: THAKUR PRITHI SINGH (1); THAKUR RAM SINGH (BACK);
CAPT. RAJAH HANUT SINGH (3); AND CAPT. A. H. WILLIAMS (2).



THE U.S. ARMY POLO TEAM, WHICH IS TO PLAY IN THIS COUNTRY: MAJOR
A. H. WILSON, MAJOR L. A. BEARD (CAPTAIN), CAPT. C. GERHARDT,
LIEUT. J. A. SMITH, CAPT. P. P. RODES, AND LIEUT. E. MCGINLEY.



MUCH PERSECUTED BY THE BOL-
SHEVISTS: THE LATE RUSSIAN
PATRIARCH, MGR. TIKHON.



AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON'S INFANT DAUGHTER:
A GROUP AT HIGHCLERE CASTLE (SEE NAMES BELOW).



100 YEARS OLD ON APRIL 9
LAST: MRS. HALDANE OF CLOAN,
MOTHER OF LORD HALDANE.

Lieut.-Col. C. P. Nickalls, D.S.O., was well known as an International polo-player, and had been manager of the Rugby Polo Club. He was found shot at his home at Stanford, and the verdict at the inquest was "suicide during temporary insanity."—Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who has died at the early age of forty-six, was both actor and playwright. From 1900 to 1912 he was with Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson.—To test how far a man can fall without losing consciousness, Corporal Arthur Bergo and Sergt. Randall Vose, of the United States Army, dropped from the wings of an aeroplane flying at a height of 3000 feet, and waited until they had fallen 1500 feet before they opened their parachute. Neither lost consciousness, and both fell faster than the machine.—Mme. Albani is seventy-two, and still giving singing lessons. A fund for her benefit is being

organised in Canada. She was granted a Civil List Pension of £100 in 1920.—The Jodhpur Polo Team, holders of the Delhi Cup and champions of India, will begin play here shortly. The cost of their visit is borne largely by the Maharajah of Jodhpur.—The United States Army Polo Team is now in this country. They will play the British Army on June 20 and 24, and, if necessary, on the 27th.—Mgr. Tikhon, the Patriarch of Moscow and Head of the Orthodox Church of Russia, died suddenly of heart failure on April 8. He was imprisoned for over a year.—The group at Highclere Castle shows (from left to right): Mr. Brograve Beauchamp, Mr. Jack Wendell, Lady Carnarvon and her baby daughter, Lord Carnarvon, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Mr. Arthur Portman, Mrs. Portman, Lord Porchester (Lord Carnarvon's heir), and Mrs. Wendell.

FROM JODHPUR TO MINEHEAD: A FAMOUS INDIAN POLO TEAM'S VISIT.

AIR VIEW OF JODHPUR TAKEN BY MR. ALAN COBHAM. LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE HOME CITY OF A MAHARAJAH AND A FAMOUS POLO TEAM NOW VISITING ENGLAND: JODHPUR, WHERE THE GREAT ROCK FORTRESS RISES 1000 FT., WITH SHEER PRECIPICES ON ALL SIDES—AN AIR VIEW TAKEN BY MR. ALAN COBHAM DURING SIR SEFTON BRANCKER'S AERIAL TOUR IN INDIA.



THE JODHPUR POLO TEAM PRACTISING ON THE WEST SOMERSET GROUND BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE POLO SEASON: A GAME IN PROGRESS NEAR MINEHEAD, WITH THE PICTURESQUE DUNSTER HILL IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Jodhpur State polo team arrived at Minehead, on April 2, for three weeks' practice on the West Somerset Polo Club's ground at Dunster Lawns, before the opening of the London polo season in May. The team consists of Thakur Prithi Singh (No. 1), Captain A. H. Williams (No. 2), Captain Rajah Hanut Singh (No. 3), and Thakur Ram Singh (Back), with Major Thakur Dalpat Singh as reserve. A stud of 55 ponies brought over for the use of the team are in charge of Captain K. J. S. Dowland. The young Maharajah of Jodhpur, who is himself keenly devoted to polo and riding, arrived during the Easter week-end at Belmont House, a great mansion (overlooking Putney Heath), which he has rented

from the Duc de Vendome, a brother-in-law of the King of the Belgians. The Maharajah was accompanied by the Maharanee, who travelled from Bombay in strict "purdah" (seclusion). When the special train reached Putney, great precautions were taken that no one but her women attendants should see the Maharanee while she was transferred to a curtained motor-car. During her stay in England she will use a car with windows painted a deep blue. The Maharajah was born in 1903 and succeeded in 1918. Our photograph of Jodhpur is one taken by Mr. Alan J. Cobham, who piloted Sir Sefton Brancker during his recent aerial survey tour in India.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT OCCASIONS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., PHOTOPRESS, CENTRAL PRESS, I.B., TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



BRINGING ASHORE THE R.A.F. BOMBING AEROPLANE WHICH CRASHED INTO THE SEA OFF BIRCHINGTON: A DISASTER IN WHICH TWO OF THE CREW WERE LOST AND THE OTHER TWO INJURED.



CRITICISED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR THE SHAPE OF KING ALFRED'S LEGS: A PICTURE IN A COMMITTEE ROOM ENTITLED "ALFRED INCITING THE SAXONS TO PREVENT THE LANDING OF THE DANES," BY G. F. WATTS.



WITH HER BOUQUET PRESENTED BY THE SMALLEST BROWNIE: PRINCESS MARY EXAMINING THE SUNDIAL WHICH SHE UNVEILED TO OPEN DANSON PARK.



PRINCESS MARY OPENS A NEW HOME FOR NURSES AT READING: LEAVING THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE HOSPITAL AFTER THE CEREMONY.

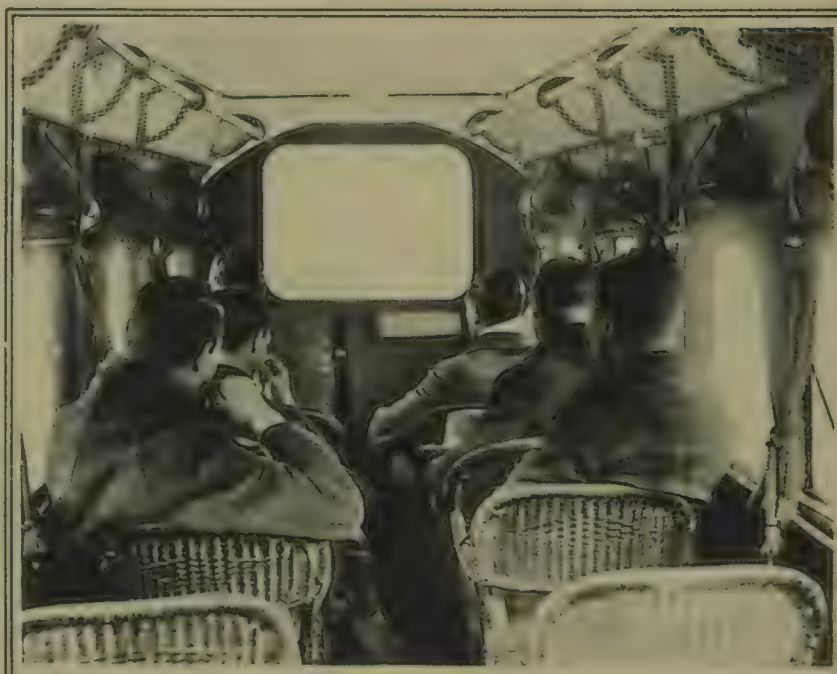


INVITED TO FORM A NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. ARISTIDE BRIAND TALKING TO JOURNALISTS ON LEAVING THE ELYSEE AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.



TO BE SUBMERGED, WITH A CHURCH, A WAR MEMORIAL, AND AN INN, BY THE NEW DERWENT VALLEY RESERVOIR: DERWENT HALL, A FINE OLD MANSION FORMERLY THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

On the morning of April 7, during a thick mist, an R.A.F. bombing aeroplane from Manston Aerodrome, near Ramsgate, crashed into the sea about a quarter of a mile off Birchington. Of the four occupants, Pilot Officer E. A. C. Bushell and Aircraftsman H. E. Grellis were rescued, but no trace could be found of Pilot Officer Neil Walker and Aircraftsman E. E. Mills.—In the House of Commons the other day Mr. A. N. S. Sandeman, M.P., drew attention to the "irritating effect on Members" of the picture of King Alfred in Committee Room No. 10, and invited the Under-Secretary for the Home Office, Mr. G. Locker-Lampson, to "contemplate the legs of King Alfred." Mr. Locker-Lampson replied that it was "a very fine example of the early work of Watts."—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is taking her share of public duties. At

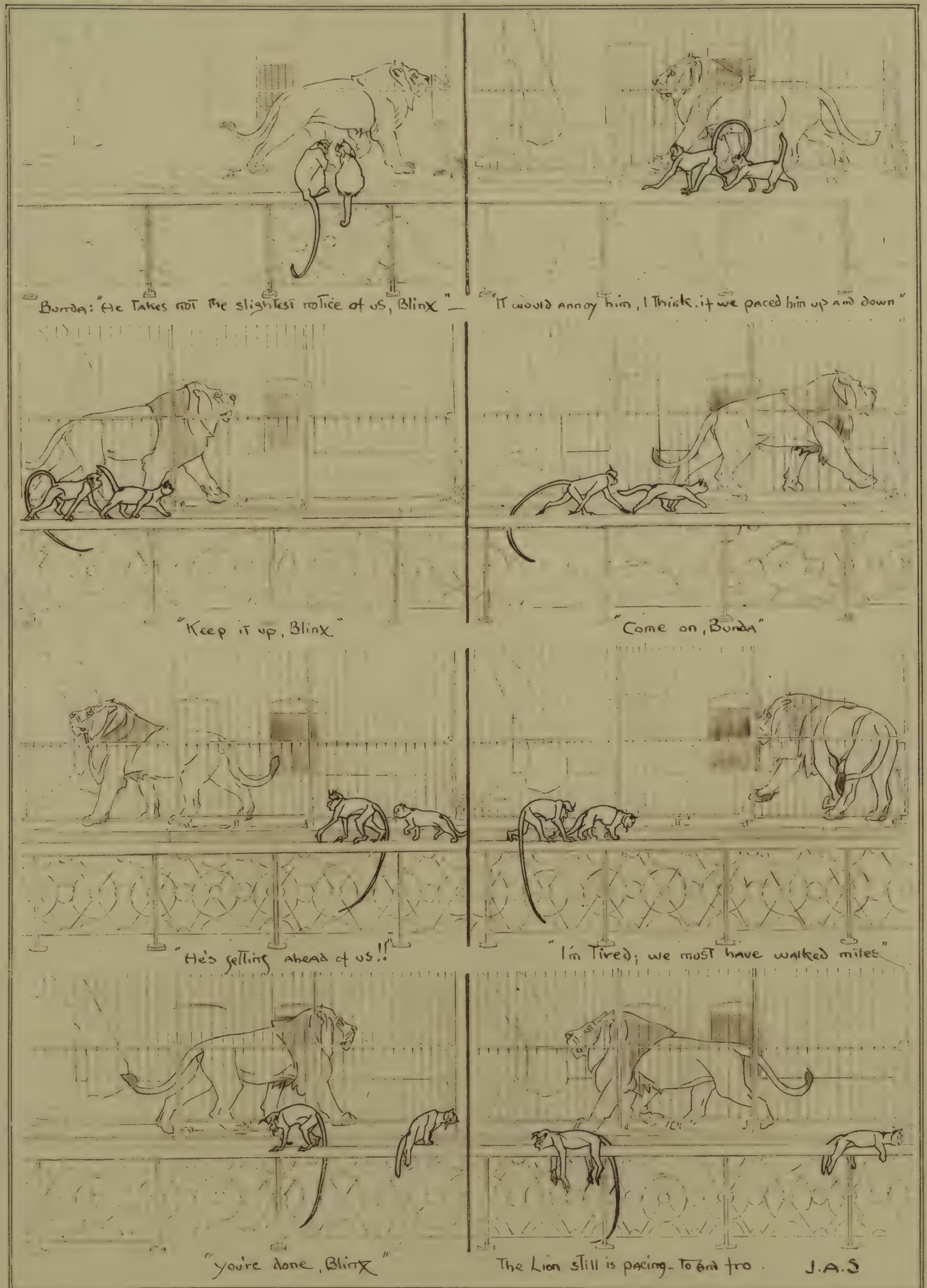


THE FIRST CINEMATOGRAPH EVER CONSTRUCTED IN AN AEROPLANE: THE SCREEN IN THE SALOON OF AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE, IN WHICH A FILM WAS SHOWN DURING A FLIGHT OVER LONDON.

Reading, on April 7, acting in place of the Queen, she opened the new home for nurses in connection with the Royal Berkshire Hospital. On the 13th, in very wet weather, the Princess opened Danson Park, at Bexley Heath, by unveiling a commemorative sun-dial. Girl Guides formed a guard of honour, and the smallest Brownie on parade presented her with a bouquet.—After the resignation of M. Herriot, M. Aristide Briand was invited to form a new Government.—The new reservoir to be constructed in the Derwent Valley under the water-supply scheme for Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Leicester will submerge Derwent Hall, besides a church, a war memorial, and an inn.—The first film ever shown in an aeroplane was given recently in an Imperial Airways machine. It was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Lost World," exhibited by First National Pictures.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO"—No. VII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



TRYING TO CATCH THE LION'S EYE: THE JEST THAT FAILED.

Although it is generally admitted that a cat may look at a king, Blinx and his friend Bunda failed to catch the eye of the king of beasts. Piqued at his indifference, they tried to annoy him after the manner of rude boys who

imitate the movements of their elders. Their attempt, as we see, ended in ignominious failure, and the lion remained majestically oblivious of their existence.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



SADLER'S WELLS.

WE are getting on! Amidst plaudits in the Press, half a million is asked from the public to form the Opera Trust, and sixty thousand to turn old Sadler's Wells into a second Old Vic. A wag might poke fun at the idea that nearly ten

and go. For in the theatre, more than in any other undertaking where money is the crux of the question, the risk of loss is greater than the chance of profit. No one can guarantee whether Islington (and its purlieus) would patronise a theatre of its own as the denizens on the other side of Waterloo Bridge have done. And to a certain extent there is a sign-post that would indicate a likelihood of how things might go. I refer to the Regent. No theatre is in a more populous quarter; no theatre is better equipped; yet, with the exception of the phenomenon of "The Immortal Hour," that theatre cannot be said to have become popular in the accepted sense of the word. It seems rather a theatre destined for passing events and experiments, and that is not too happy an omen. In contrast, one may point to the Lyric, Hammersmith; but that is quite another story. It is what the French would call a "Théâtre d'Art," and, after a first fluke with "Abraham Lincoln," it has, thanks to its artistic leaders and to its accumulation of capital, been able to do things sumptuously, regardless of money. It is not a repertory theatre like the Old Vic is, or Sadler's Wells will be. Its policy is to do great things grandly, and let them pursue their course, so long as public interest is not exhausted.

Sadler's Wells, it is clearly set out in the appeal, is to be a regular repertory theatre, which means that it must be equipped with scenery, costumes, and all the rest that warrants "well-devised" performances. That costs money, and the argument that the Old Vic can provide all that is necessary is a supposition likely to become a fallacy in practice. Much of the material used at the Old Vic betrays the wear of time. When two theatres are to be run with this same material, the inevitable exigency will be outlay for stock and renovation. It is merely

a question of time, and that time had better be taken by the forelock. In other words, I hope that when the contributions to the Sadler's Wells Fund flow in—as they are pretty certain to do when a Duke is the angler, and the names around him are, in a different way, as noble as his own—the Committee will, on the crest of the wave, ask for more; that they will frankly admit that, in the first flush of enthusiasm, they overlooked the cardinal point of working capital, and therefore would increase their appeal to, say, £80,000. With £20,000 in hand, the future is not only safe, but there is the stimulus to widen the sphere of the repertory, to attempt experiments, perhaps to endow other populous quarters of London with Old Vics. Twenty thousand pounds does not seem a large sum to ask for such a purpose, but it will suffice, when it is considered what Miss Baylis has achieved often with much



AS A MUSICAL-COMEDY KING: MR. W. H. BERRY AS PRINCE ROBERT, WITH HIS FAITHFUL HENCHMAN CHARLES (VINCENT CLIVE) IN "THE BAMBOULA," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"The Bamboula" is the title both of the play and of the ruler of Corona, a musical-comedy country not forty miles from Ruritania. Mr. W. H. Berry is the Bamboula, and, as might be expected, he discharges his monarchical duties with a strong sense of humour.—[Photographs by Stage Photo, Co.]

times the amount is to be mobilised in a country where—in proportion to its inhabitants—native opera is practically non-existent. But that is a detail; it is better to endow international opera than to have no stable opera undertaking at all. And, since money is all the world over a fertiliser of art, who knows whether the very fact of an opera being beyond the vicissitudes of finance, and all it means, will not stimulate our composers to make at least an effort to supplant foreign competition?

Curiously enough, those who pretend to gauge public opinion and munificence assert that it will be easier to get the half-million for the opera than the small amount for the further perpetuation of Shakespeare—an acolyte in the Metropolis. They point to the history of the Old Vic, a brilliant record in tremendous struggle (mainly owing to the undaunted courage of one woman, Miss Lilian Baylis), and at length, with some help from outside, the victory of two ends that meet—just meet and no more.

Did the sponsors of the Sadler's Wells scheme, in their laudable enthusiasm, pay sufficient attention to the economic history of the Old Vic when they fixed their appeal at a sum which will just cover the freehold of the land and the re-equipment of the building, at present sadly in decay? How are they going to work when the edifice is ready for occupation? Will a second appeal follow the first, or will the Committee rely on the daily takings at the doors? Both aspects of this policy seem rather perilous. Even if the two theatres, the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, are run on parallel lines hand-in-hand, which may warrant a certain amount of economy, it would, on the surface, seem unlikely that, without working capital, results would be such as to level the balance-sheet. And I, for one, having observed dual workings of this kind abroad, harbour the fear that, unless success is unprecedented and continued, one of the institutions is likely to sap the vitality of the other. Every theatrical manager of experience will tell us that lack of sufficient working capital is baneful to the many enterprises that come



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IN "THE BAMBOULA," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: THE MEETING OF PRINCESS MURIA (MISS BEPPIE DE VRIES, RIGHT) AND JIMMY ROBERTS (MR. HARRY WELCHMAN, CENTRE), WHO REMARKS TO LARRY WYNTHAM (MR. BILLY LEONARD, LEFT) "WHAT A DAZZLER!"

less than 20,000 shillings in her coffers. Now is the time to ask for all that is needed, and it would be a thousand pities if those in command were not alive to the absolute necessity of making working capital a *sine qua non* of their programme. Let it be remembered that all our ideals of a National Theatre have ever been shattered by the cry of "bricks and mortar." It is not the building that makes the theatre; it is the manning, in every sense of the word, that does it. If the appeal is mainly born of the desire to rehabilitate a relic of London, and to make it a home for a second Old Vic without sufficient financial dower to ensure its vitality, I am not so sure that people who love the theatre, but have a business mind, will be so ready to come forward with their contributions. They might say, tersely, "It would be very nice to reopen Sadler's Wells, but why spend £60,000 on the old building when there is the Regent ready and equipped to be the Old Vic's twin sister?" This view would be wholly unsentimental, but it has been uttered on other occasions when a landmark was to be saved, and no provision made for its maintenance.

We are all grateful to the Committee for their enterprise; we would heartily rejoice at a complete success of their efforts; but with this fervent good wish every practical man of the theatre—indeed, every enthusiast who is not purblind by tradition and keeps a weather-eye on the material issue—will add to it: "Let business be business, and think of the dim morrow as well as of the glory of to-day."



"WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN WE'RE MARRIED?" MISS PEGGY O'NEIL AS FAY AND MR. ARTHUR PUSEY AS GUY TREBARROW, IN "THE SEA URCHIN," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

In his new comedy, "The Sea Urchin," Mr. John Hastings Turner has provided Miss Peggy O'Neil with a part well suited to her impish vivacity, which proves as popular as ever.

A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE: 18TH-CENTURY VENETIAN MARIONETTES.

BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



SHOWING ONE OF ITS TWO SCENES—AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN INTERIOR, WITH DOMESTIC CHARACTERS: A MARIONETTE THEATRE FROM A VENETIAN PALACE.



WITH FAMILIAR PANTOMIME CHARACTERS: THE OTHER SCENE OF THE VENETIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE—THE GRAND PIAZZA, WITH ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL E. F. STRANGE, Keeper of the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum, writes: "The Italian Marionette Theatre now placed on exhibition in Room V. of the Woodwork Galleries at the Museum was, for about two centuries, a private possession of the Carminati family in Venice, and was only recently brought to this country. It is about 13 ft. in height, and, including the wings, 19 ft. in width; and

is complete in every respect, including two sets of scenery—one of the Grand Piazza with St. Mark's in the distance, and an interior with contemporary miniature furniture. There are two sets of puppets, representing the characters in one of the formal domestic comedies, of which a long list is given in Louis Ricaboni's 'Histoire du Théâtre Italien' (Paris; 1730). There is nothing to suggest identification with a particular play. Indeed it seems

[Continued below.]



POSSIBLY REPRESENTING THE *COMMEDIA ALL' IMPROVISO*, IN WHICH CONVENTIONAL CHARACTERS IMPROVISED DIALOGUE WITH TOPICAL ALLUSIONS: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM—THE COMPLETE STRUCTURE.

[Continued.]

possible that we have here an example of the 'Commedia All' improvviso,' in which a group of characters, whose general attributes were more or less fixed by convention, improvised the dialogue to a considerable extent with topical allusions to current events. Italian companies of this kind were frequently seen in Paris during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and gave rise to actual conflicts with the players of the Comédie Française, who looked upon such performances as infringements of their rights. . . . No doubt the marionette theatres worked on lines similar to those of the real stage of the time; and among the puppets we can identify a number of the characters always to be found in this class of work. For instance, we have the Polichinello, Harlequin and Pantaloon, the

Columbine and her lover, the Captain and the Doctor of Law or Pedant; as well as the Father and Mother, the Heroine, and the low-comedy servant (Scapin), whose tricks and knaveries so greatly assist and enliven the simple plot—a character very familiar to readers of Molière. The puppets are extraordinarily well carved, and their costumes rich with embroidery, lace, and needlework. The theatre has been arranged with a domestic scene on the stage, the pantomime characters being shown in a case near by; and the lighting has been so contrived that the scene can be illuminated at will, by visitors. In setting it up, the Museum has had the advantage of help and advice from Mr. William G. Simmonds, who has done so much to revive the pleasant pastime of the puppet-show."

The Centenary of the Modern World.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

AMONG all the centenaries which have been celebrated during the past few years, that of the invention of the railway seems to deserve special attention. A hundred years ago, in 1825, ten years after the Peace of Vienna and the Battle of Waterloo, and four years after the death of Napoleon, the first railway line came into existence in England, and began to work fairly regularly between Darlington and Stockton.

What changes have taken place in the world since those days! Reality has far surpassed the most audacious and optimistic prognostications of the generation whose eyes first saw the extraordinary event. Human beings have increased and multiplied on the face of the earth in a way previously unknown in the history of the world. The ancient world had admired and almost adored one single *URBS*, as the city of cities; to-day Europe and America can count cities by the dozen which in their size, splendour, and riches might vie with each other for that title of honour. Famine has disappeared. Despite the wars and revolutions by which the world has been troubled during the last ten years, fabulous abundance still reigns on the earth. The richest epochs of the past were poor in comparison with our own time. Even families who live in quite a modest manner now enjoy comforts which in old days were denied to the richest.

Space is no longer the great enemy of humanity, the barrier to break which all efforts remained futile for so many centuries. It is thanks to the railways that man was able to begin the real conquest of the globe. Up till the end of the fifteenth century he did not even know the planet on which he lived. Between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries he explored it as well as he could with the small means which were at his disposal. A century ago he began his conquest of it by means of railway lines, and to explore it on a grand scale. The United States are the most prodigious example of the intensive exploitation of an immense continent which has been rendered possible by the railway system.

Railways, and all the other increasingly effective means of transport which to-day complete or rival their power, have shortened space, lengthened time, and given a kind of ubiquity to humanity based upon perpetual movement. Since a hundred years ago, this mobility has increased from generation to generation in the great torpid mass of humanity; it has passed from the towns to the country, from England to France, to all the other countries of Europe and America, and now it has attacked the Mohammedan countries. I read recently that after the establishment of the French Protectorate in Morocco, "roads, automobiles, and telephones have abolished distance, and Allah knows with what fury the Moroccans have taken to travelling! They think as little of paying thirty or forty francs for a car with which to traverse 300 kilometres as we do of taking a tram."

Stephenson, who four years later, in 1829, succeeded in definitely solving the problem of mechanical locomotion, was a sort of Christopher Columbus of the nineteenth century, but a less mysterious and romantic figure than his predecessor. His invention, like the discovery of America, was one of those individual acts which by their far-

reaching consequences have changed the course of history. For a century past Stephenson's locomotive has been the most popular symbol of that confused thing to which we give the name of progress. This somewhat crude symbolism hides a very genuine historic appreciation. The age of iron and fire, of great industrial development, of quantitative civilisation, with all its grandeur and all its horror, began a century ago, with the first railway line. The railway engines are the parent invention of all the immense throbbing family of metal machines which are worked by steam or electricity in the present day. Railways may be said, in a certain sense, to have let loose all the formidable economic activity of our time. The rapid production and consumption which now characterises industrial civilisation would not have been possible with the former slow and tedious means of communication. Industry, agriculture, and commerce were able to develop and perfect themselves during the last hundred years in proportion to the rate at which the means of communication by land and sea became more rapid and efficient.

The centenary of railway trains is, in fact, the centenary of what we are accustomed to call the modern world. "We shall soon be a hundred years old: we were born with the railway trains: we have grown with them, and so

One of the reasons why, at the beginning, the great industrial development flourished more rapidly and easily in Protestant countries, lay in the fact that the Protestant Churches had already abolished adoration of saints, and in consequence had already done away with a number of feast days which were still observed in the Roman Catholic countries.

This bitter surprise, this paradoxical contradiction, filled the dawn of the great industrial development in all countries with lamentations and curses. Why were men to toil like whip-threatened galley slaves and harder than they had ever worked before, now that they had succeeded in creating such powerful collaborators, each of which produced as much as a hundred or a thousand men had done before they appeared? Why were those machines, which ought to have been friendly to men, transformed into their ferocious captors and pitiless gaolers?

This question tormented the generation which saw the first development of railways and all the other producing machines which they brought in their train. That generation vacillated continually between the most smiling optimism and the gloomiest pessimism. Sometimes it thought that it was marching on towards the Golden Age; sometimes it asked itself if it had not changed the world into hell itself. At last a doctrine was evolved which

was thought to be a solution of the enigma, by attributing the disappointment of men's former hopes to the wickedness of a small number of egoists. Machinery was really the friend of humanity; it would have allowed men to live in abundance, leisure, and the enjoyment of the most refined pleasures of the mind, if an audacious and cruel minority had not taken possession of it, in order that they might torture humanity.

The whole socialistic movement grew out of that idea, which was full of a pessimistic optimism. In 1825, with the invention of the first railway, humanity entered upon the Golden Age; but a defective social system has up till now prevented men from enjoying it. A radical reform of society will make the universe happy in a way it has never been before.

It is not surprising that this idea should have seduced the masses. But it is to be feared that it rests on an illusion; the illusion that machines are magical objects endowed with supernatural powers which do not depend on us. Metal-made machines, animated by fire or electricity,

produce enormous quantities of riches, because they can work with great rapidity without destroying themselves; but they possess no other mysterious power. They only exist and work because we create them and make their wheels go round; it is therefore always we who are working. The source of production remains always rooted in human work. Machines allow us to obtain ever-increasing results by our work, at least as far as quantity is concerned; but on condition that our work creates and animates them. In consequence, the more their number and power is increased, the more the world is enriched, the harder we have to work.

It is true that the number of working hours has progressively decreased in the great industries in all countries. The working days which lasted for fourteen or sixteen hours are now only an historic memory. In all countries, with but few exceptions, the workmen only work eight or ten hours a day. But this diminution of the hours of work has only become possible by the gradual increase of the number of men employed in the great industrial development who are capable of the intensive work which it demands. During the twenty-five years which followed the first appearance of railway trains, only a small number of industries made use of steam-driven engines. The operatives in these big workshops, who were forced to put in

(Continued on page 702.)



LORD BALFOUR IN PALESTINE: REVIEWING SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT TEL-AVIV, THE NEW JEWISH SUBURB OF JAFFA, AFTER RECEIVING ITS "FREEDOM."

Lord Balfour, who is seen in our photograph, standing hat in hand, near the centre of the front row on the platform to the right, was welcomed with great enthusiasm at Tel-Aviv on March 26, when he received the freedom of the city in the gymnasium. After this ceremony he reviewed a gathering of the pupils of the high school, and inspected a street named after him. Tel-Aviv is a modern Jewish suburb of Jaffa. It was founded in 1909, and has grown rapidly since the war, having now some 25,000 inhabitants.—[Photograph by C.N.]

rapidly that we do not have to fear the reproach that we have wasted our time."

But, if the railways have given even more riches and power to humanity than they had promised, they and all the other machines which have been invented during the last century to augment production have also disappointed humanity on one important point. When these machines first appeared, which could do in one hour the work which would take a whole day if it were done by hand, an audacious hope flamed up in men's minds: at last they would escape from the curse pronounced in the Garden of Eden, which had condemned them to hard toil. "In sudore frontis tuae vesceris pane." Now that the machines worked so swiftly and with such brilliant results, they were the benefactors of humanity. Thanks to them, man could peacefully enjoy abundance, and be much richer while working much less hard.

But what happened was the exact contrary. The great industrial development began its campaign by making its workers labour in horrible factories for fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen hours a day; it declared war on even the most venerated saints in the Calendar, who, in former days, insured frequent rests to poor tired humanity. It abolished all feast days, and did not even respect Sunday.

TO DIM OR NOT TO DIM: THE QUESTION OF MOTOR HEAD-LIGHTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

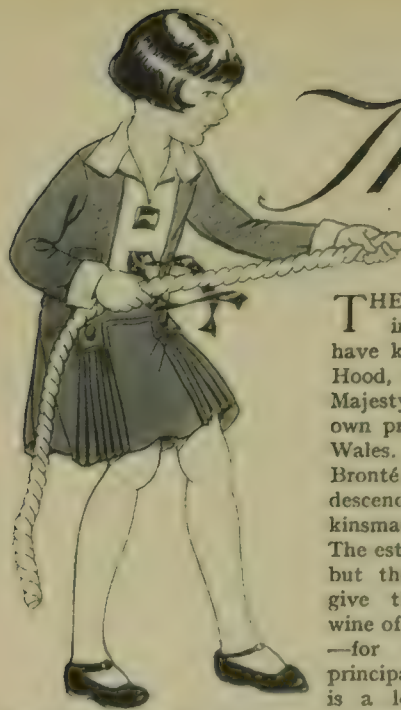


SEEKING TO MAKE THE ROADS SAFE AT NIGHT: VARIOUS SOLUTIONS OF AN URGENT PROBLEM.

Present indications have shown that a new type of light-ray must be evolved, and the Neon system is receiving attention. Meanwhile inventors have been busy devising lamps to reduce the dazzle effect, and four prominent types are illustrated. Another device is a coloured-glass screen in front of the driver that reduces the dazzle from approaching head-lights. Yet another effective invention is a lever, close to the driver's seat, by which, on the approach of another vehicle, the beam can be thrown downward on to the road. This device, recently awarded a certificate of performance by the R.A.C., is also very useful in fog, when ordinary head-lights are practically useless, as the fog is illuminated and appears as a golden haze. By lowering the lamps the light is thrown downward,

illuminating the road and the kerb without giving any blinding effect to the driver of the car. Though the spot-light is not officially smiled upon, it can be very useful for the purpose of illuminating the roadside during fogs, and, when fitted to the dumb-irons, for giving a clear beam ahead should the head-lights be switched off, as seen in one of our illustrations. The motoring organisations have now definitely decided that dimming or blacking-out is a dangerous custom, and a typical instance of how an accident may be caused by temporarily switching off the head-lamps is illustrated. For the average country cyclist does not carry a rear light, and trusts to the skill of the motorist to get out of his way.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of Women



This practical frock for the schoolroom is carried out in navy gabardine with fawn gilet, collar and cuffs. It hails from Gamages. (See page 702.)

comfort with which a single man of taste and culture knows how to surround himself. The Duke is one of the late Viscount Bridport's younger brothers, and is now getting what is called "up in years," and doing so quite delightfully. A hostess to the Queen in Capri was Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, who for several years past has resided on that beautiful island, and has made there wonderful gardens. Her only child, the Marchioness of Titchfield, was Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria became her close friend. The Princess visited Lady Algernon with the Queen. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria went to Welbeck for Lord and Lady Titchfield's wedding, and stayed the night there. The visit must have given great pleasure

THE Queen found an old friend in her host in Sicily, the Duke of Bronté, whom we have known longer as the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood, for many years in the Household of her Majesty's mother, and for some time the Queen's own private secretary, when she was Princess of Wales. His Dukedom of Bronté and his Sicilian estate descended to him from his kinsman the great Nelson. The estate is not a rich one, but the Duke was able to give their Majesties some wine of his choicest vintages—for vineyards give the principal produce. The house is a long, undistinguished-looking, white-washed abode, but picturesque, and indoors comfortable with the kind of luxurious

little boys and their parents so near Balmoral. Princess Mary always loved the Highland royal residence, about which she used to enjoy driving her pair of beautiful white Arabs. Her Royal Highness likes white and grey horses; her favourite hunter is a grey, given to her as a wedding present by Irish hunting ladies. As a girl she was fond of fishing, and was quite successful with the rod. It is, however, certain that horses give her the chief interest in her life after her husband, homes, and sons. I am told that she laughingly poses as quite a matron.

The sorrows which afflict the woman dog-dealer are many and frequent. It is a business into which well-

The most strenuous games will not harm this useful gymnasium tunic of blue serge from Gamages. (See page 702.)

born women are anxious to rush. Four out of five live to regret bitterly their impetuosity. Almost every one of us cares for dogs and cherishes one or two as faithful and devoted friends. Cherishing a score or two to bring in cash is a very different affair. The work is hard, and it has to be regular; washing, whether dry with powder or wet with disinfecting soap and water, and exercising, take up time; a kennel maid to do these things and to keep the kennels clean makes a serious hole in the profits of a small establishment; also she may get a bite, and then there is trouble. Insurance makes the employer pay up. The dogs may get distemper and whole kennels be decimated. The fashion of the dog changes. One may have fox-terriers with long, slim noses, and the judges may decide that they are to wear their noses short and impertinent, as of old. Sealyhams may have the correct pink rims to their bright eyes, and judges may prefer them



A trio of fascinating bangkok hats from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W. The one on the left is puce-coloured, trimmed with silken flowers; that on the right, navy blue with crimson roses; and the third, light beige swathed with georgette shaded from orange to brown. (See page 702.)

to the lady known to her friends as "Lady Algy," who is herself handsome, always well-turned-out—as was her late husband, who was said to be one of the best-dressed men in London—and delightful to meet.

The Queen is a great sightseer, and misses nothing of interest wherever she goes. One hears, too, that her Majesty is a delightful letter-writer, and corresponds at great length with Princess Mary and with her sons. The art of letter-writing was more esteemed in her youth than it is now, when the world and his wife are in such a hurry that they have no time to record impressions. The sight the King enjoyed most was the Fleet doing manoeuvres, which was his Majesty's Easter treat. The Queen, like Queen Victoria, has no liking for the discharge of big guns, but goes through it quite cheerfully, as her Majesty does anything that gives pleasure to the King, who is keenly interested in Naval artillery, also in developments of Naval aircraft carriers and aircraft generally.

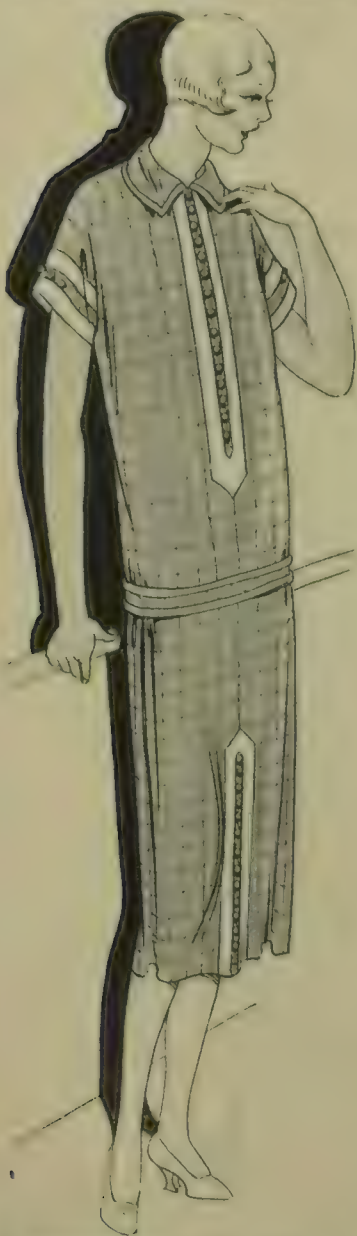
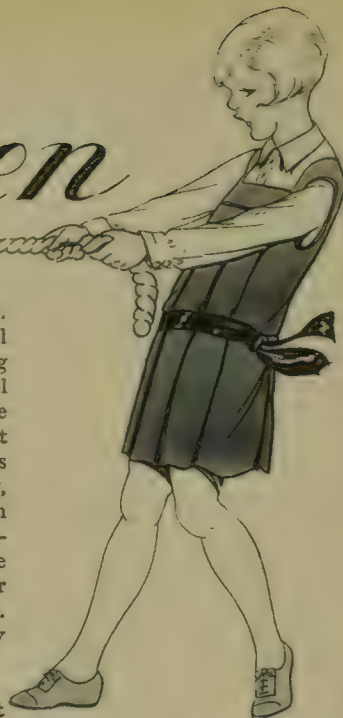
Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, the first of our royal voyagers to return home, were due on the 11th, and arranged to go to their house in Belgrave Square. The mansion in Grosvenor Square in which the late Earl Farquhar gave so many big entertainments for the daughters of his close and old friend the Duke of Fife, will be occupied ere long by Sir Bache and Lady Cunard. It will not be so extensive as in Lord Farquhar's time, for a charming house has been made of the back part of it, which ran into, and faced on, Brook Street. Lady Cunard, who is of light and leading in art and culture, is making the interior not only charming, but well up to date, and, as everybody knows, she is a most successful hostess, so that 7, Grosvenor Square will not be lost to London society as a delightful rendezvous. Princess Arthur will be charmed to be home; she loves England and Scotland, and there is also a small boy, known as the Earl of Macduff, who is a powerful magnet.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles will be delighted to be with her husband and sons at Abergeldie in the autumn, and the Queen will be enchanted to have the

decide that they are to wear their noses short and impertinent, as of old. Sealyhams may have the correct pink rims to their bright eyes, and judges may prefer them to return to the dark rim. Scores of misfortunes may happen; some are certain to occur, but, on the whole, except in a large way, there is not much money in dogs. A small co-operative society of dog-breeders started in a country house not long ago, and were getting out of debt for preliminary expenses; but there was a fight—not of the dogs, but of their owners, and money was dropped, and the thing came to an end. Ponies would appear to be a far better field for woman's enterprise. The Marquess of Linlithgow's aunts have done well with their ponies; so, too, has Katherine Countess of Cromer's sister, Lady Beatrice Thynne. Other women also have bred, shown, and sold New Forest, Shetland, and other ponies, with considerable profit to themselves in money, more in health and interest.

The wedding bells begin to ring directly after Easter. On the 16th, Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring's daughter will be married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Sir John Aird's nephew, who is twenty-three; Miss Viola Baring being three years his junior. Miss Aralla and Miss Violet Baring are great favourites, and are well known in the Isle of Wight, where Nubia House, their residence at Cowes, is a centre of hospitality. There were many tennis parties there in Regatta weeks, in which the young Princes and Princess Mary, from the royal yacht, joined. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring have also two sons; the elder, Mr. Godfrey Baring, was severely wounded in the war, serving with the Coldstream Guards.

The Duke and Duchess of York will soon be home again, and will have a warm welcome. They have some engagements already fixed, and will have many more, for they will be busy acting for the Prince of Wales in several capacities. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles intend to spend a great part of the season in town, and Princess Mary will doubtless help the Queen with public engagements. Houses in the West End are, I hear, letting and selling readily; the dance list grows in length every week; and all promises well for a good season.—A. E. L.



A charming little Dutch frock in almond checked with white, fashioned in a new sports material, which is warm and light. It is sponsored by Gamages, Holborn, E.C. (See page 702.)



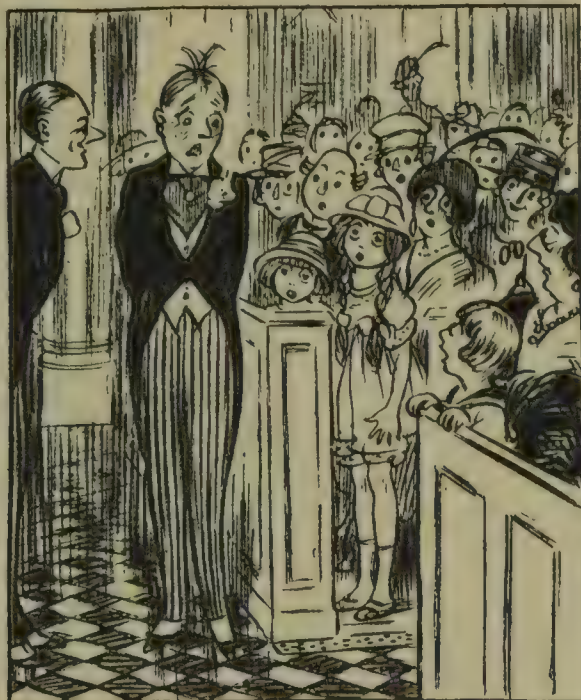
A practical tennis frock from Gamages, of treble spun silk, with an adjustable collar and wide box-pleats. (See page 702.)

NIGHTMARES

GETTING MARRIED



James has brilliantined vainly the tuft on his head
As he cowers in sick apprehension and dread,
With so shining a hat and so bloated a tie
'Tis more fearful by far to get married than die!



Daphne's odious relations, who whisper and stare,
Are the cold-blooded type that no bridegroom can bear;
Won't some merciful soul put him out of his pain
Ere their sharp gimlet glances have pierced to his brain?



He is married at last to a stranger in white,
And his head is so hot and his boots are so tight!
People trample and jostle and thrust him aside
While they crowd to pay court to the beautiful bride . . .



As the landscape flies past, James grows mellow with bliss:
He's alone with a sweet little Angel to kiss—
And the perfect Abdullas produced by his Wife
Make him joyful that Marriage will last with his life!
F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Virginia

Egyptian

"A DREAM OF DELIGHT."

Fashions and Fancies.

Hats Expressive of the Spring. At this season of the year the shop windows are gay with flower-trimmed hats in every colour of the rainbow. Three fascinating models from Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W., are pictured on page 700. On the left is a puce-coloured bangkok decorated with shaded silken flowers, the brim being lined with georgette. The high-crowned affair on the right is of navy bangkok adorned with a spray of crimson roses, lending an effective splash of colour. Above is a bangkok cloche in beige swathed with shaded crêpe-de-Chine revealing glimpses of a band of gilt kid. These are but a few of the countless attractive models to be studied in these salons. It must be noted that they may be made in any colourings, specially fitted to suit large heads—an important point in these days. Pretty straw hats of every description can be obtained from 25s. upwards, and this firm's well-known sports hats are the same price.

Sports Frocks for the Summer. A veritable Mecca of everything for sports enthusiasts is Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., who specialise in practical and inexpensive outfits. Pictured on page 700 are two of the latest models for tennis and general sports wear. The well-tailored little Dutch frock on the left is carried out in a new flannel material closely resembling kasha. It is in almond and white, trimmed with white facings and buttons. The price is 29s. 6d. and it is available in many shades, light and dark. The tennis frock on the right is fashioned of triple spun silk, which washes and wears splendidly. The price is only 27s. 6d., and the frock is completed with useful box pleats at the side to give complete freedom of movement. A variation of this frock at the same price is made with the skirt buttoning each side from waist to hem. It may be worn open over "plus fours." Sports wraps of every calibre are at all prices, and mackintoshes of artificial silk can be secured for 37s. 6d., of Jap silk for 48s. 6d., and in crêpe-de-Chine for 65s. A splendid catalogue, "Specially for Sportswomen," has just

been issued by this firm, and will be sent gratis and post-free on request. It includes every branch of sport and outdoor pastime.

School Outfits for Little People. Complete equipments for school and holiday wear for little people are another speciality of Gamage's. Sketched on page 700 is a pretty school frock in blue

there are well-tailored gabardine coats from 32s. 6d., fitting girls of about eight years, and storm-proof black rubber mackintoshes at 10s. 9d., size 24 in.

The Ganesh Eye Treatment. In olden days a woman's age could be judged by the tiny lines and wrinkles round her eyes. These are still unmistakable finger-prints of Time, but with a little care they can be vanquished. Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty expert, of 92, New Bond Street, W., has originated a special treatment for tired eyes which removes the jaded look and strengthens the loosened muscles surrounding the lids. For those who are unable to pay a personal visit, Mrs. Adair has introduced a home treatment for the eyes which is simple and beneficial. A special book on the exercises and treatment, complete with the full outfit, can be obtained for 10s. 6d.

The Ganesh Eye Bandalette. After a strenuous day of work or play, the eyes have a strained look which by no means improves one's appearance, especially in the evening. To overcome this disadvantage, the Ganesh Eye Bandalette has been invented by Mrs. Adair. The bandalette is placed over the eyes, and the whole process, which is a miniature rest cure, need not occupy more than fifteen minutes. A box of twelve bandalettes costs only 10s. 6d. With the Ganesh Strapping Muscle Treatment, Mrs. Adair successfully restores the youthful contours of the face by bracing the muscles and toning up the tissues of the skin. Full particulars of Mrs. Adair's successful treatments for every beauty defect may be found in her brochure, "For Ganesh Health and Beauty." It will be sent gratis and post-free on application to all who mention the name of this paper.



Tired lines and wrinkles round the eyes beat a hasty retreat before the special Ganesh Eye Treatment originated by Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty expert, whose salons are at 92, New Bond Street, W.

gabardine, with fawn collar, cuffs, and gilet, available for 37s. 6d., size 24 in. The gymnasium tunic on the right, built of hard-wearing serge, is also available in all sizes, ranging from 8s. 11d., size 24 in. Then

The HOME of GOOD HEALTH

ENGLAND is at its fairest in the beautiful country district where delicious "Ovaltine" is made.

Soft wooded hills look down upon meadows deep in luscious grass. Here and there are quaint, old-fashioned villages and lovely verdant parks. Leafy lanes and rippling streams of purest water—the Gade, the Chess and the Colne—run through its valleys. The fresh country air is sweet with the scent of Nature's countless flowers. Fitting indeed, it is, that the National

food beverage which gives health and strength to young and old should be made in such a healthy environment. And the factory itself is the ideal of what a factory should be. Spotlessly clean, full of sunshine and sweet country air, and surrounded by gardens and playing fields to make a happy and healthy staff—such is the home of "Ovaltine."

The 'Ovaltine' Factories at King's Langley, Hertfordshire

*Born 1820 ———
Still going Strong!*



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 6.

WOOD-CARVING—one of the earliest means by which man expressed his artistic instinct—is anterior to history, and of Biblical fame.

The first application probably was to the decoration of weapons, in which art the earliest savages, with their rude tools, were masters.

Specimens of Egyptian wood-carving, which are the earliest in history, display a high degree of technical skill, while India, too, has a centuries-old reputation for wood-work.

In England there are traces of prehistoric and Roman wood-carving, but the art was undeveloped here before the Renaissance, and the time of such men as Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons.

Styles come and go, but the tools and the manner of their use are now very much the same as they have been for centuries.

**Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship
—hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."**

THE CENTENARY OF THE MODERN WORLD.

(Continued from Page 698.)

long hours of work daily, were still only a minority. The rest of the people lived penuriously, as best they could, by the proceeds of the old hand-labour, which was easier, but less productive. Gradually, as the old hand-industries disappeared, the number of operatives obliged to do the intensive work of the great industries increased in proportion to the number of branches of production which were thus industrialised, and the duration of working hours could be reduced for all. But it was able to be reduced without any diminution in the production of riches, just because the sum total of the work furnished was increased in proportion to the number of the workmen employed in the workshops of the great industries.

It is no miracle which has been produced in the world during the last hundred years. For the last hundred years riches have increased from generation to generation, because men work harder and with more powerful tools. These two factors are inseparable, for the tools would not become more powerful if we did not at the same time work harder. Railways are multiplied, the rapidity of trains is increased, subsidiary and competing means of communication, such as motor-cars, are perfected, and an ever-growing number of increasingly powerful machines multiply the world's goods. But that immense activity brought about by fire-animated iron would not be possible if we did not also work ourselves with greater intensity, and if an ever-growing number of men did not learn to produce and consume increasingly and with more feverish activity.

What has been called the intensive life of the modern world began with the advent of railway trains. That intensive life is a kind of fever of production and consumption, which increases with each generation. Those who at present are fifty years old can remember how much quieter, slower, and more peaceful the world still was even thirty years ago, before the invention of motor-cars. Those people who were fifty years old about the year 1850 must have experienced the same sensations when they remembered the time which preceded the invention of railways. The rapidity and power of the means of communication is the thermometer by which the fever of the activity of modern life is measured. The more rapidly we can journey from place to place, the more we are forced to work.

"Sleep no more! Work all the time": that is the order of the day ever since the locomotive made its first appearance in the world. In Europe and America men obeyed the command, and for a hundred years fabulous riches came up from the bowels of the earth. But, as there is never a triumph without victims, the triumph of the railways had its victims also. Their names are Religion and Politics.

They say our epoch is rationalistic and sceptical; and they explain in this way the obvious decline of the spirit of religion. But are we so rationalistic and sceptical as is supposed? Fear of death, desire of immortality, curiosity about invisible things, does not seem to have diminished greatly. If our epoch forsakes serious disciplined religion,

it is too often in order to throw itself into the arms of a kind of dilettante mysticism which is fragmentary, capricious, and anarchic. Why is this? Because serious religion demands a certain collectedness, a persistence of thought, and a self-control which becomes daily more difficult in the life of feverish activity which has invaded the world.

In all great religions the mind has been subjugated to an intense and continual suggestion. Prayers, rites, feasts, ceremonies, are only the means used to oblige the believer to isolate himself and to concentrate his thoughts periodically on Divine things. Religious fervour is a fire which requires this continual supply of fuel, so that it may not be extinguished. But even pious people in the present day have only a few fugitive moments which they can devote to this isolation and concentration; what, then, in these conditions, can be expected of the vast majority, who were never inflamed by a very ardent zeal for anything?

I often ask myself whether this intense mode of life, and the railways which originated it, are not much more responsible than Voltaire and Büchner for the religious half-heartedness of our time. The true enemy of religion is not impiety, but the continual state of distraction and of intellectual and sentimental dispersion in which we all more or less live. The majority of people have no longer any time at their disposal in which to think seriously about Divine things, any more than they have time to think seriously about anything beyond the necessities of their daily work. That is why politics became, after religion, the next victim of the railway.

It may seem at first sight inexplicable that people continue to criticise democracy so implacably as absurd and baneful, at a time when there is no longer any other form of government possible, at least in many countries. In all countries and at all times there have been governments based on the delegation of power; some of these have fulfilled their task very well, some only passably, without its being possible to say that this form of government is in itself better or worse than government based on the hereditary principle. Like all forms of government it has its advantages and its disadvantages; it can boast of successes and must also acknowledge defeats. Why should not the modern world be able also, like so many other epochs, to govern itself on the principle of the delegation of power? But the modern world is a hundred years old; it was born and grew up with the railways. That is what, to a certain extent, justifies anxiety. Just because its institutions are more fluid than those of a monarchy, a democratic government requires a more stable psychology both in its masses and in its élite. A capricious, unstable public spirit can produce much worse consequences in a democracy than in a monarchy. Stable psychology is the quality which is most lacking in the modern world. It has no longer time to concentrate on any directing political or moral idea of life. Entirely absorbed as it is by work, which daily becomes more intense, it falls an easy prey to mere impressions in great political questions.

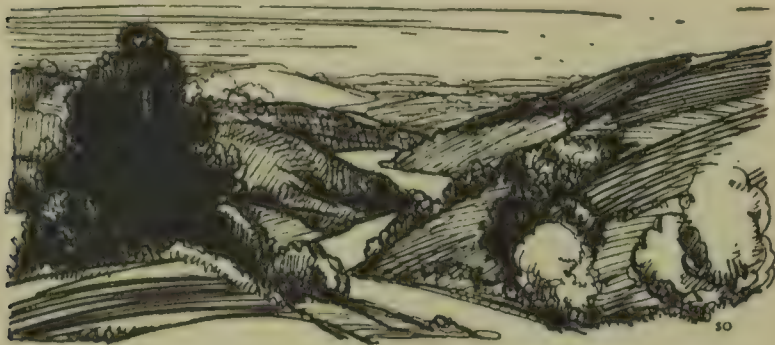
The conclusion, therefore, at which we arrive is that work now looms larger as the great and almost the only

discipline of the modern world, heir as it is of the railway development, than as a means of enrichment or augmentation of power. So long as work can continue its solemn regularity, order will reign despite the unstable psychology of the masses and the élite. That is why peace is necessary to modern civilisation. So soon as wars or revolutions arise to disturb the regularity of work, the weakness of all other internal disciplines immediately makes itself felt. We have had abundant experience of this during the last ten years.

That weakness is the forfeit which the power of the railway and the other instruments of modern industry has made us pay. It is, perhaps, useful to recall it at the centenary of that great invention.

MR. SUTTON VANE'S "OVERTURE," AT EVERYMAN'S.

MR. SUTTON VANE took us into the after-world in "Outward Bound"; in his new play, "Overture," he asks us to accompany him on a longer journey. There are two voyages which his characters make across uncharted seas: we see them before birth, in the guise they are to assume in maturity on earth, waiting to be ferried across into mundane existence; and we see them also carried back to face the verdict on the use they have made of their earthly lives, and quite content, for the most part, to have done with them. In between prologue and epilogue we are asked to watch how they employed the chances they obtained, the careers they chose. The society woman is shown baulked in her chief ambition; the girl-lover, for no very cogent reason, turns out a murderer who is executed; the judge, in a confusion of logic unworthy of so enterprising a playwright as Mr. Vane, is pictured as being tried by a ghostly jury of the victims of his black cap, as though he, in carrying out the community's behests, had been a murderer in his turn; others are frustrated of their aims in other ways; and the figure that does best and pleases most is a happy-go-lucky Cockney who picks up his wife on the Embankment and is sad to leave her before her child is born. What one feels about Mr. Vane in this ambitious effort is that he has started an idea that is too big for him—that he has not enough equipment of thought and philosophy, is too much the prey of sentiment, to allow us to regard these trips with Charon he takes us as fully worth while. Still, he can write a scene of poignant drama, and his best presents the meeting of the navy fresh from life's experience with the daughter who wants to chance life. Here Mr. Gordon Harker is admirable in the Cockney's rôle; but perhaps Mr. Vane is most in debt, so far as the acting goes, to Miss Diana Hamilton, who lends a strange, haunting charm to the character of the murderess.



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For considerable stretches the stream is flanked by richly wooded hills, and in other places it flows through agricultural country of that pleasing description which lends such charm to English landscapes of the best type.

Scores of beautiful villages; one city, and several small towns are conveniently situated on the Wye, where the holiday-maker is sure of finding accommodation and a welcome.

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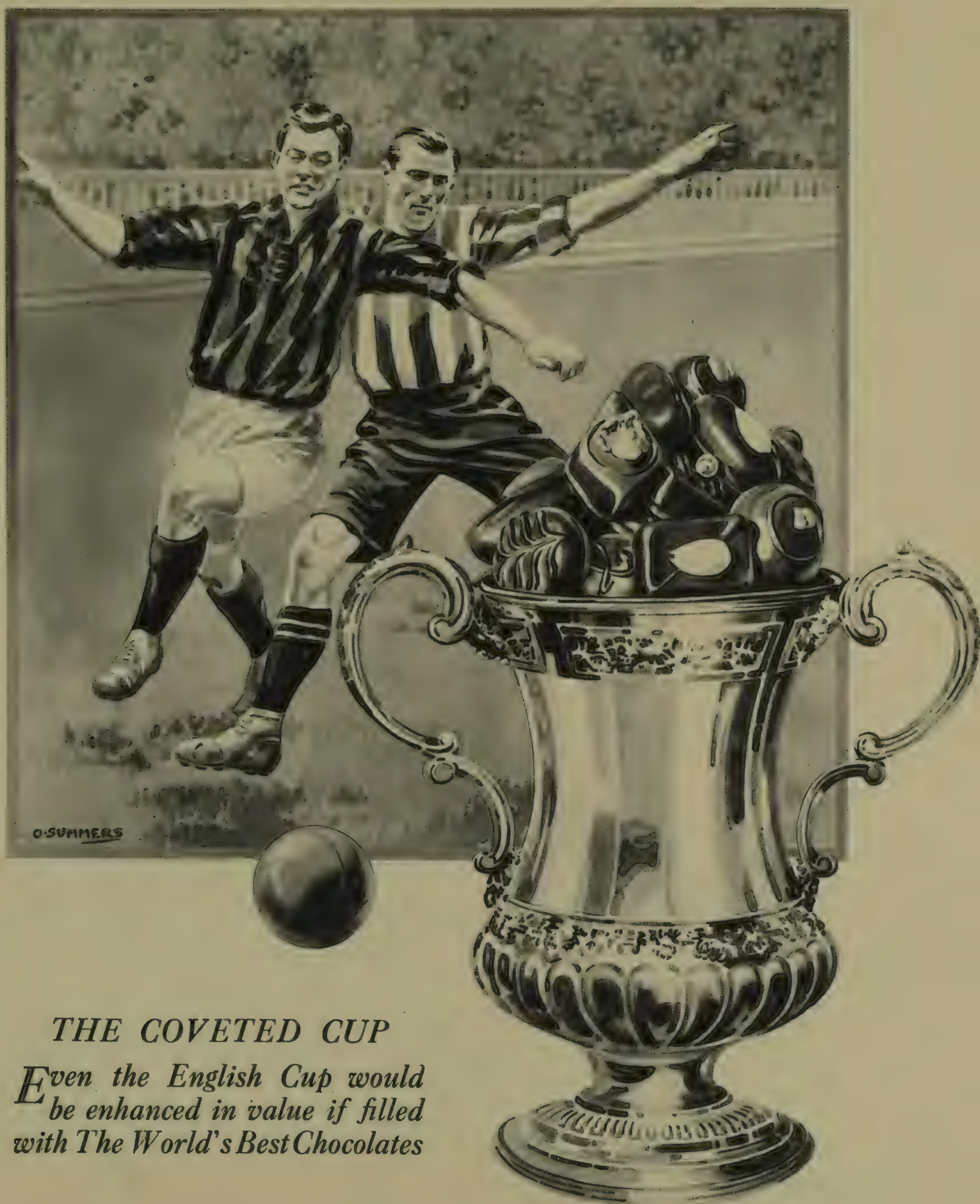
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Safety in Road Events.

It is a good thing that the R.A.C. seems determined to enforce proper regulations for the safety of spectators at hill-climbs and other road events promoted by the various automobile clubs. The recent



SUPPLIED TO THE GOLD COAST FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS TOUR IN AFRICA: A 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER TOURING CAR.

accidents at the Essex Motor Club's meeting at Kop Hill—which, very fortunately, were void of fatal consequences—have drawn attention at last to the very real dangers of such events, and the ruling body has taken up the question in real earnest, and not before it was time. I am a very strong supporter of sporting fixtures, especially on the roads; but there are two sides to every question, and this is one to which there is most distinctly another point of view than that of the promoting club and the competitors. I believe road events do a great deal of good to motoring, because of the thrilling interest they possess and the fascination they exercise over the non-motorist and the converted alike. They are good publicity to the industry, which is again to the good of things. But we cannot afford to go on holding such events if, one of these days, we are going

to see a repetition of the accidents which made the old Paris-Madrid race a ghastly memory.

I agree that it is exceedingly difficult for the officials of a club holding a hill-climb to control the spectators. I know these difficulties better than many, because I have been responsible in years past for the organisation and control of such events. The promoting club has the use of the road only on sufferance—the police and the local authority are turning a blind eye to what is doing. Therefore, the officials of the meeting have no standing at all, and can only enforce regulations for the safety of the bystanders by persuasion and personality. Naturally, spectators automatically gather in strongest force at the most dangerous points of the course, because it is there the thrills are to be seen, and you simply cannot control the crowd. The inevitable result must be that, unless some way can be devised of instituting proper control, a fast car, travelling at sixty or seventy miles an hour, will run amok among the spectators, and, apart from any other considerations, the whole game will be stopped. So far as

I see, there is only one way to get over the difficulties, and that is through the Bill now before Parliament to legalise road racing, and to close the roads for the purpose. If the local authority is invested with such powers and will use them—and in most cases it will, because that is what is virtually done now—the police, in conjunction with club officials, will be able to control spectators, by force if necessary. If the R.A.C. is of opinion that hill-climbs and such events should continue, I trust it will take measures to secure such powers to the authorities, assuming the Bill in question is likely to pass.

Spoiling the Car.

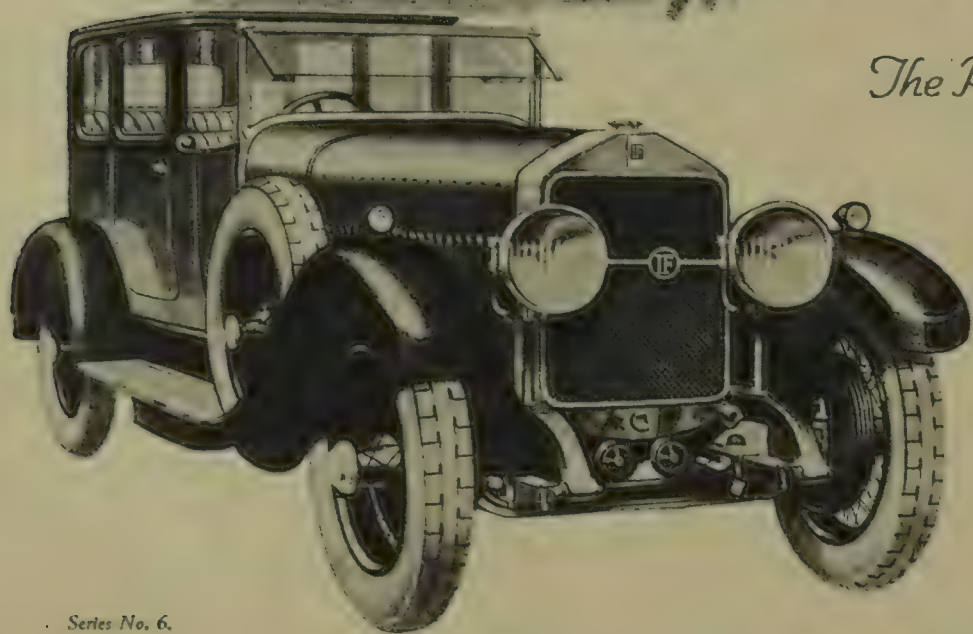
Truly the modern motor-car is a wonderful mechanism! The amount of abuse it will stand is really extraordinary, and the wonder is that, in face of the treatment it too often receives, it continues to work at all. I made a call the other day on a very old friend who, at the moment of my arrival, was telephoning to somebody, obviously about a car. I gathered enough to prompt the question whether he had sold his car, which was and is a very good one. He said he had, and to a friend, and then proceeded to detail some of the things that had happened to it since the transfer. First, the car had been brought back to him with the story that there was something very wrong with the engine, which was squeaking like a whole colony of mice. Investigation showed that all the overhead-valve rockers were as dry as a bone. Of course, a little oil put that right. The next report was that the clutch could not be disengaged, and a motor "mechanic" who had been called in stated that it was worn out and required new plates. What had happened was that, in face

(Continued overleaf.)



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A POLICY of stable selling conditions and the maintenance of the highest possible car value are two important reasons for the unapproachable success of Morris Cars.

When comparing Morris prices remember that they include besides Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres, Lucas 12-volt lighting and starting set, Gabriel rebound dampers, and Every Necessary Accessory, a full Comprehensive Insurance Policy operative for one year. This policy gives the purchaser approximately £11 direct saving on Morris-Cowley models, and £13 10s. on Morris-Oxford Cars.

Remember also that Morris Cars have engines of ample power for every need. The 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley engine develops 25 b.h.p., while the 14/28 h.p. Morris-Oxford develops 34 b.h.p. Both models do over 30 miles per gallon.

Every Morris is a full-sized car—nothing skimped, and without rival for Power, Economy, Comfort and Value.

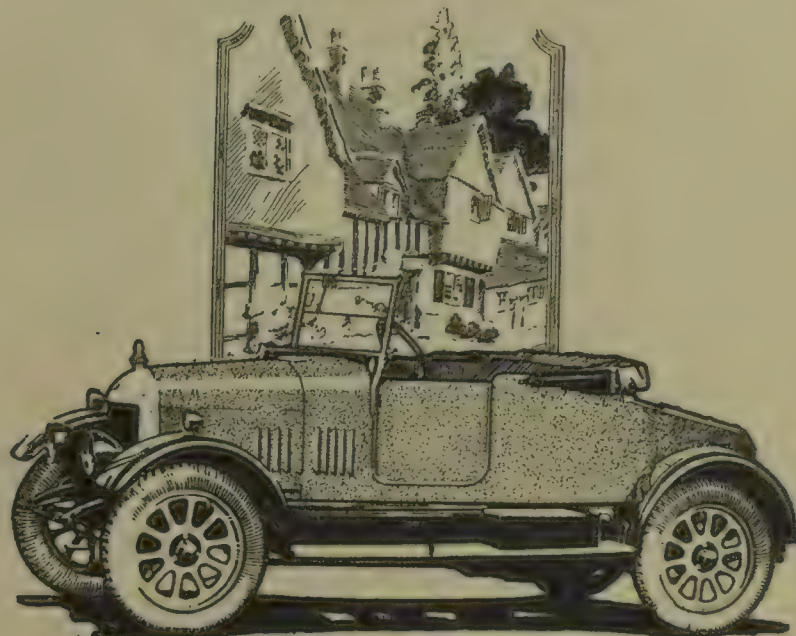
PRICES:

11.9 h.p. MORRIS - COWLEY,	14/28 h.p. MORRIS - OXFORD,
Two-seater - - - £175	Two-seater - - - £260
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Fully insured for one year,
fully equipped. Blue or grey
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Fully insured for one year, fully
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*The Morris-Cowley Two-seater, £175. Fully
Insured for one year. Fully equipped.*

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., Cowley, OXFORD.

(Continued.)

of clear instruction in the book, the new owner had filled his gear-box with oil nearly to the top. Oil had got into the clutch-pit and stuck all the plates up solid. Next, electrical trouble developed, and again it was found to be the result of ignorance. The owner had never troubled to look at his battery, and, the car being kept in a well-heated garage, every drop of the electrolyte had evaporated, and, of course, the battery was completely ruined. And so the story continued, the moral, so far as I could discern, being never to sell a good car to a friend unless he knows something about cars. It is asking for trouble.

Police Methods in Surrey.

I am beginning to get a little sceptical about the many complaints that are made regarding police methods in Surrey. I live in the county—have done for some years now—and so far, I have never had any differences with the authorities. At the present moment there are bitter complaints

which it is highly unsafe to drive fast, yet I sometimes see cars go through at a good thirty miles an hour. If people will drive as I have seen motorists drive in Sutton, they are asking for trouble. There is a ten-mile limit right through the town, and I confess that very often I take no particular notice of it; but I am careful to drive at a moderate, safe speed, and the police have never interfered. It cannot be all luck—I know it is not. What the police there are out to do is to check dangerous driving, and, instead of bringing their charges under Section 1, they prosecute for exceeding the ten-miles limit. Hence the outcry about unfair methods. I am certainly not briefed for the police—I dislike their methods in many instances—but I like to be fair.

New Records for Fiats.

The first short-distance records of the year to be established on Monthéry track, near Paris, were secured by Mr. E. A. D. Eldridge, on his privately owned Fiat, equipped with a 300-h.p. six-cylinder aviation engine. Eldridge set out with the hope of establishing new records for 5 kilometres, 5 miles, 10 kilometres, and 10 miles, but, owing to the timing apparatus breaking down, and a tyre bursting on the last round, he obtained only three of the coveted records. The five kilometres were covered in 1 min. 26.57 sec.—equal to 129.2 miles an hour; for the five miles the time was 2 min. 20.40 sec., or 128.2 miles an hour; and for the ten kilometres the car was clocked in 2 min. 54.35 sec., being equal to 128.3 m.p.h.

The thirty-seven competitors who took part in the twenty-four-hour endurance test around the

Danish island of Sjaelland had to face unusual difficulties, for the circuit to be covered was only announced an hour before the start, and snow and rain had put the roads in a very bad condition. As a consequence, only six cars completed the distance without loss of points; of these half-dozen the first three were: 10-15-h.p. Fiats driven respectively by A. P. Svendsen, A. Hansen, and K. S. Rasmussen.



THE KING'S TRAINER AS A MOTORIST: MR. W. R. JARVIS AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 14-H.P. CROSSLEY SALOON.

being made about the police in Sutton. Now, I pass through that town at least ten times a week, and have yet to discover how and where the methods of the police are open to criticism. It is a town in



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Fort Dunlop contains 36 tons of lead, 4200 tons of steel, 4800 tons of cement, and 2,000,000 bricks.

Fourth place was taken by P. Lysted, on an Overland; K. Trolle, on a Unic, was fifth; and the sixth man was Wagner on a Dodge.

Motor-Boat Racing at Monte Carlo.

At the motor-boat racing meeting which has proved such a popular feature at Monte Carlo, Sunbeam engine boats have competed in six important events. In five of these a Sunbeam-engined boat finished first, and in the sixth event one finished second. These successes reflect very highly on the Sunbeam engines installed in the winning craft, and are of particular interest to motorists as indicating the all-round high efficiency of Sunbeam power units. It may be recalled that the airships *R 33* and *R 34*, which have made successful flights of historic interest, were also supplied with Sunbeam engines. W. W.



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The name Unic on a car isn't simply to tell you who made it. It tells you the product has eighteen years of successful car-building experience behind it.

It tells you that the chassis is the result of the highest grade craftsmanship and skilled design.

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DEWAR'S

A JAPANESE DEATH-ROBE.

(See Illustration on Page 679.)

UNTIL recent years, it has been as natural and commonplace for every member of a Japanese family to possess a special garment for the inevitable last journey as it is for an American to own a trunk. Even now death-robcs are used pretty generally, especially for old people; but in these days they are so frequently supplied by undertakers that it is evident the ancient feeling of their being personally sacred is dying out.

Less than fifty years ago, few persons would think of starting on a long or perilous journey without carrying along their death-robcs. Soldiers put them on beneath their armour before going into battle; and on the body of many a daring reformer who has died by the knife of an assassin has been found, beneath the ordinary clothing, his blood-stained garment of death—thus showing that he well knew the dangerous character of his mission.

The death-robcs of all classes, from the Emperor to a coolie, are alike, except in the texture of the material. They are always made of linen, and, as the original belief was that this garment is the one in which the dead makes his entry into the new life, it is made like the first dress of a new-born babe—scant, with short round sleeves, and a narrow sash tied in front. Instead, however, of being scarlet, as is the baby dress, it is the death colour—white.

The robe shown in the illustration belonged to

a lady of rank. The characters with which the garment is covered are sacred texts from the Buddhist scriptures, written on the robe at various times by noted priests. It will be noticed that one of the front bands is blank. That space is waiting for the next temple festival, when a famous priest, who is

neck. When, at last, it is resting on the owner's quiet breast, it will contain a tiny package of baby hair—shaved from her own head when she was eight days old—some other sacred relics of babyhood, a six-rin coin to pay the ferryman (this is an imitation in paper, a recent law having forbidden the use of a genuine coin), and a little square of white wood on which are some mysterious characters. This is called "The Heavenly Pass" and is believed to be an absolutely sure ticket of entrance to Gokurako, the Land of Heavenly Rest.

As this garment belongs to a widow, the bag will probably hold, in addition to the things mentioned, two other packages of her own hair. It used to be the universal custom for a wife, on the death of her husband, to cut her hair and to wear it short for the rest of her life. One half of this is buried with the husband. The other half is saved and placed in her death-bag, together with that cut after her own death, for every corpse used to be close-shaven, like a priest; thus signifying farewell to all earthly things, and entrance into the new life as a holy disciple of Buddha.

But the forms of the church are changing in recent years. One sees many young widows with uncut hair, and the custom of shaving the head after death is often, nowadays, merely representative—the priest waving a razor over

the dead body with the words: "I shave thee." This signifies, like the tonsure of a priest, a farewell to all things worldly, and a complete preparation for entrance into the future life.



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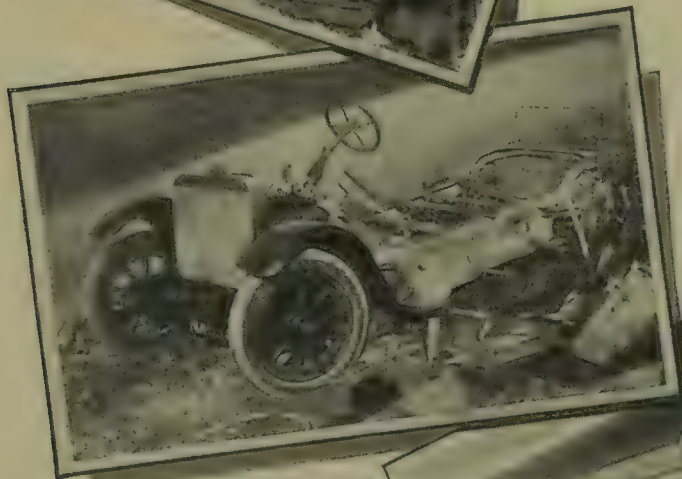
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE winter concert season is drawing to its close. There remain only two concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra—on May 11 and 25 respectively—and one concert of the Philharmonic Society, on April 27 next. The two L.S.O. concerts will be conducted by Mr. Serge Koussevitsky, and the principal items are Beethoven's A major (No. 7) and Choral Symphonies. The final Philharmonic concert will be conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who is well known as the able lecturer and conductor of the Children's Orchestral Concerts. As befits the first appearance of a young ex-Royal College student as conductor at the Royal Philharmonic Society, the programme chosen is to consist entirely of works by English composers, as follows—

"The Garden of Fand" - - -	Arnold Bax
Pianoforte Concerto (first performance) - - -	Herbert Howells
"Symphonic Rhapsody" - - -	Ireland
"Pastoral Symphony" - - -	Vaughan Williams
"Fantaisie Espagnole" - - -	Berners

The new pianoforte concerto is to be played by Mr. Harold Samuel; but perhaps the most interesting item is Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral Symphony," with which I was very much impressed at its first performance. It was, I thought, a notable advance on the same composer's familiar "London Symphony." When writing a fortnight ago, I forgot to mention that the Vaughan Williams "Pastoral Symphony" is the English work chosen for performance at the Prague International Festival in May. This is an important event for us, since it means the introduction of Vaughan Williams's music to the Continent, and the beginning, it is to be hoped, of a real appreciation of this composer abroad.

The last Philharmonic Society's concert was wholly devoted to a performance of Delius's "A Mass of Life," a setting of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra." Owing to its immense size, this work has only twice before been performed in London—on both occasions owing to the efforts of Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted it. In view of Delius's considerable reputation, the Philharmonic Society was undoubtedly doing the right thing in performing this work with the assistance of the Philharmonic Choir. The choir had been well trained under its hon. conductor, Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott; and Mr. Paul Klenau, a well-known Danish composer-conductor who has been responsible for the performance of the "Mass of Life" in Vienna, was

specially brought over to conduct. Mr. Klenau has an excellent reputation as a conductor, and he made a very good impression at the Queen's Hall; he knew the score thoroughly, and inspired the choir to sing with exceptional verve and understanding. His commanding beat whipped up the great dance chorus in Section 3, "The Story of Life," to something like the exhilarating corybantic ecstasy suggested by Nietzsche's words; but at best it was only a faint semblance of ecstasy, for, unfortunately, Mr. Delius does not possess that extremely rare technical virtuosity needed to bring off this sort of effect. One can imagine Richard Strauss doing it. In fact, he has done it actually in his own Nietzschean tone-poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," where the dance section is by far the best part of the music. But Mr. Delius's gifts do not lie in this direction. Nor do they lie in depicting or suggesting the stupendous, the grandiose, and the sublime. One only has to consider what Wagner would have made of such a subject as "Zarathustra" to realise how far Mr. Delius falls short of being able to tackle it. Even so classic and restrained a composer as Mozart could have handled this subject more effectively. One only has to consider the chorus of the priests in "The Magic Flute" to see that Mr. Delius has not once succeeded, with all his modern resources and huge orchestra and chorus, in creating any real solemnity or imaginative awe. It is in musical imagination that Mr. Delius shows himself lacking—that indefinable power of invention which with the simplest means produces the most extraordinary effects. There is not a single authentic thrill in the whole immense score of the "Mass of Life." One needs only to play the score on the piano to discover that Mozart with a single simple modulation can a dozen times in "Don Giovanni" produce more effect than pages and pages and pages and section after section of the "Mass of Life."

Mr. Delius is more at home in producing quiet atmospheric effects. He can very rarely create vital and original melody; that is why his songs are for the most part flat and uninspired. Frequently they are not even redeemed from the commonplace by any exceptional distinction of workmanship. On the other hand, Mr. Delius does possess harmonic sensibility of an individual kind, and this is the cause of some very beautiful moments in his opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," and in certain of his orchestral works, such as "In a Summer Garden," and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." It is not surprising, therefore, that the most enjoyable moments of the "Mass of Life" were the quiet, meditative

open-air sections such as Section 3 in Part II, "At Noon in the Meadows."

The Bach Choir's concert at the Central Hall, Westminster, was conducted by Dr. Vaughan Williams. The programme began with a tolerable performance of Palestrina's Mass, "Assumpta est Maria," and ended with Dvorák's "Te Deum." These two works make an almost comic contrast of two distinct types of ecclesiastical music. Nothing could be more solemn, austere, dignified, and "religious" in the Miltonic, Dantean sense than Palestrina's music; while nothing—outside of Rossini and Verdi—could be more theatrical, luscious, and sensuous than Dvorák. If we had no historical evidence, if the past were inaccessible to us, it would be almost impossible to believe—judging from nineteenth-century Italian music—that Palestrina was an Italian composer. One would expect to learn that he was German, Dutch, or English, a contemporary of Bach or of Milton. The Bach Choir, however, was more at home in Dvorák's "Te Deum" than in the Palestrina Mass, simply because the Dvorák, with its fluent melodies, is very much easier to sing. At this concert a new work for chorus and orchestra by that well-known Newcastle musician, Dr. W. G. Whittaker, "A Lyke-Wake Dirge" was given its first performance. It was played twice and showed that Dr. Whittaker has a very great command of modern orchestral resources. He produced some striking effects by his use of tone-colour, and "A Lyke-Wake Dirge" is undoubtedly a composition that shows genuine imagination. I cannot help feeling some antipathy, however, to these enormously elaborate settings of old traditional dirges, ballads, and folk-songs. However well done, they are never as effective as the strange, stark simplicity of their originals. Moreover, what is the point of doing over again what has already been done perfectly? I cannot help feeling that an artist's job is to express the feelings and ideas of his own time, and not to go ferreting in the past for inspiration. It is, of course, quite another thing to take an old myth or legend and give it a fresh interpretation, using its machinery to express your own thought, as, for example, Wagner did with "The Ring." But simply to warm yourself at an old fire and then to try and pass on your sense of warmth, instead of merely letting the other fellow get at the fire, is a wasteful and pointless proceeding.

The most enjoyable items of the Bach Choir concert were the Duet in D for two Violins (unaccompanied), by Spohr, and the Bach Concerto in C minor for two Violins and Orchestra. The Spohr duet was wonderfully well played by Miss Jelly d'Aranyi and

[Continued overleaf.]



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(Continued)

Mme. Adila Fachiri. Their ensemble was perfect, and altogether it was one of the most enjoyable experiences I have had for a long time. It was also interesting to hear a composition by Spohr, who is nowadays only familiar to students of the violin. The playing of the Bach Concerto by the same violinists was not quite so perfect, but it was nevertheless very enjoyable. The only purely orchestral work at this concert was Butterworth's charming Idyll for Orchestra, "The Banks of Green Willow." Butterworth was one of the most serious losses to English music of the war.

The full programme of the forthcoming opera season at Covent Garden, beginning at the end of May, is not yet announced. Mr. Bruno Walter, however, has been engaged as conductor, but we are not to have any performance of "The Ring." Instead, "Die Meistersinger" will be given, also "Tristan and Isolde." Richard Strauss's "Elektra," which has not been heard in England since before the war, is also to be performed. It is to be hoped that the Syndicate will take advantage of Mr. Bruno Walter's presence to give us a really first-rate production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." This is what all musical London is really waiting for.

W. J. TURNER.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand W.C.2.

H HESHMAL (Cairo).—We are pleased to see your name figuring amongst those of our solvers once more. The regularity of your replies made you all the more missed when you dropped out.

H GREENWOOD (Glossop).—Your problem with all the pieces on the board is a remarkable achievement; but still more remarkable is the presence of White and Black's doubled pawns. Would you kindly tell us what pieces they captured to get into their positions?

H A LABONE (Blackpool).—Thanks for your kind letter, and the game it encloses, of which we hope to make an early use. As regards the problem, we have neither forgotten nor overlooked it, but its turn has been rather slow in coming. We trust, however, in our next column to give our solvers the opportunity of taxing their brains in its solution.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3952.—By H. MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.

WHITE

1. K to B 5th
2. Q takes P
3. Q mates accordingly.

BLACK

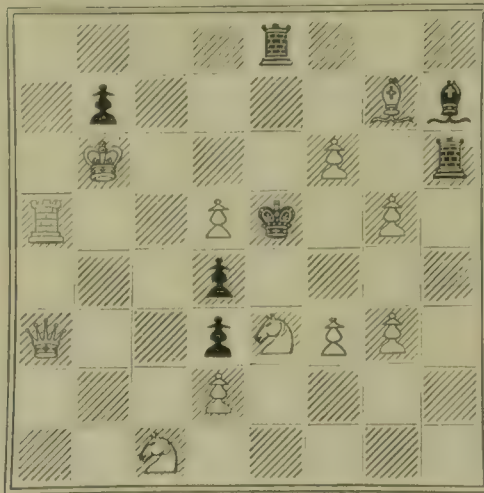
- K to R 4th
- Anything

If 1. — P to Q 5th, 2. Q to Q 3rd, etc.; and if 1. — P to Kt 6th, 2. Q to B 3rd.

Although the solution is not in any way affected, we exceedingly regret an error in the transcription of this very pretty miniature, which robs it of one of its most effective points. The White King should have appeared on Q Kt 6th instead of Q B 6th, so that the key move, by its provision of a flight square for Black, has much more significance than it possesses in the position as given. Notwithstanding this misfortune, the problem has afforded much pleasure to a large circle of solvers.

PROBLEM No. 3954.—By C. R. B. SUMNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

K WHITFIELD (Galt, Ontario).—Your letter came to hand too late for us to give it attention this week, but we will examine with pleasure the two Muzios submitted, and report on them in an early issue.

H M PRIDEAUX (Plymouth).—We trust our effort to make suitable amends for the error committed in presenting your problem will mollify your justifiable indignation.

H E McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Your last communication duly to hand, and, whatever weariness may be visible in your club, it does not appear in its literary organ. We, however, owe you a letter, which will be despatched before you see this.

WILLIAM KIRKMAN (Hereford).—As it is not in our power to see so far ahead as No. 3958, we cannot say whether your solution of Q to Q 2nd is correct or not. It certainly does not fit No. 3953.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. R. P. MICHELL and H. B. ÜBER.

(Queen's Gambit Accepted.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. U.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

2. P to Q B 4th P to Q B 3rd

3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. B to B 4th P takes P

5. P to K 3rd P to Q Kt 4th

6. P to Q R 4th P to Kt 5th

7. Kt to Kt sq Q to Q 4th

8. Kt to K B 3rd B to R 3rd

9. B to K 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd

10. Castles P to K 3rd

11. Q Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 5th

12. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt

13. P to Q Kt 3rd Q to B 4th

14. R to Q B sq Q to Q R 4th

15. B takes P

16. Kt to Q 2nd R to Q B sq

17. B takes B Kt to Kt 3rd

18. Kt to K 4th Kt to Q 4th

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. U.)

19. B to Q 6th B to K 2nd

20. Q to Kt 4th

Swiftly transferring his attack

to the side least able to resist it,

and for which his forces are so

well posted.

21. Q to Kt 3rd Castles

22. B takes B Kt takes B

23. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to Kt 2nd

24. Q to K 5th Kt to B 4th

25. Kt to Q 7th (dis. ch)

26. Q takes K P Q R to K sq

27. Q takes Q B P Q takes Q

28. R takes Q R to B 2nd

29. Kt to B 5th Kt to K 2nd

30. R to Q 6th Kt to B sq

31. R to Q 7th Kt to Kt 3rd

32. R takes R (ch) K takes R

The game was prolonged for

a dozen more moves, but it can

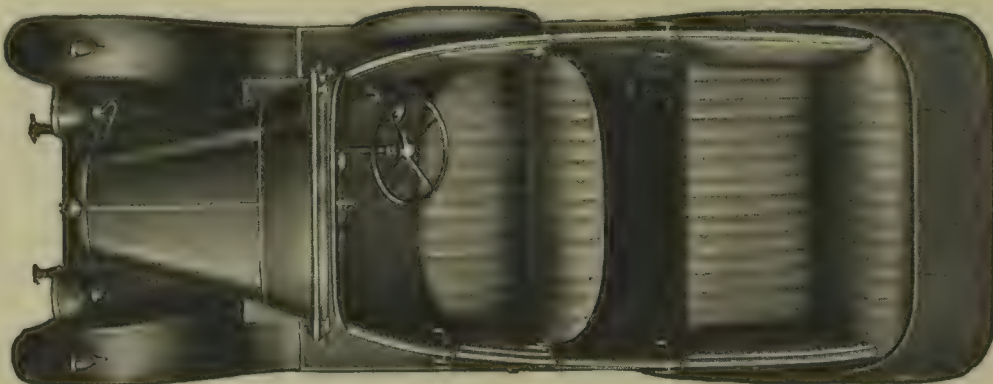
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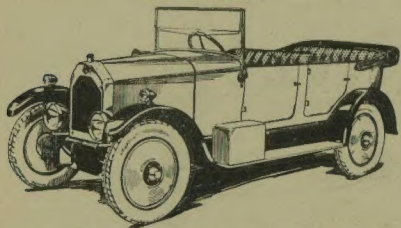
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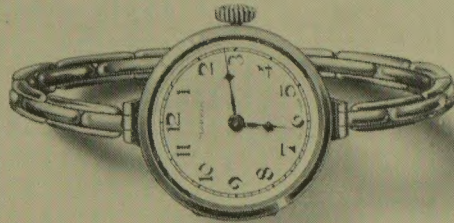
MAPPIN WATCHES



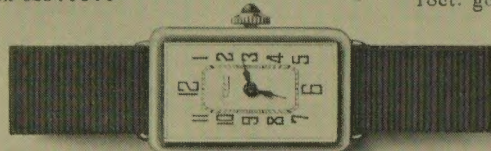
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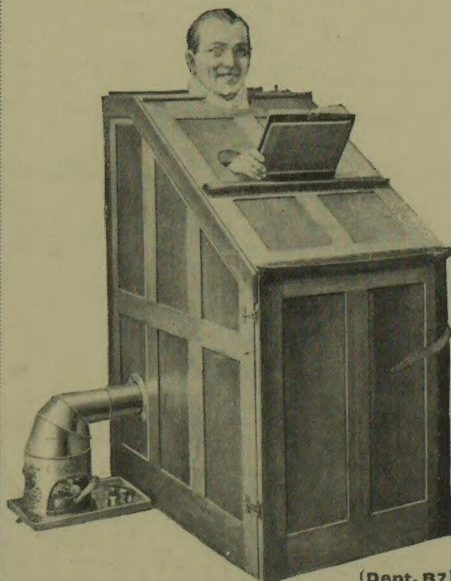
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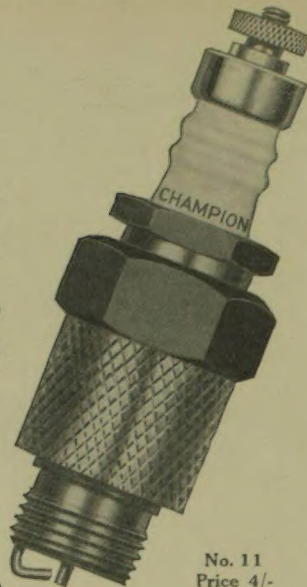
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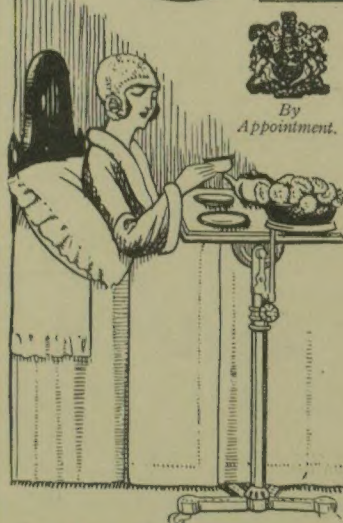
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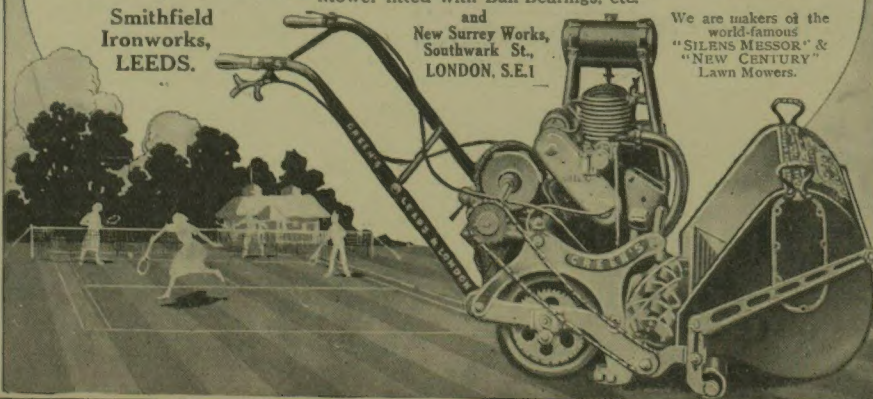
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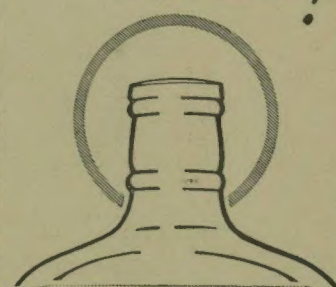
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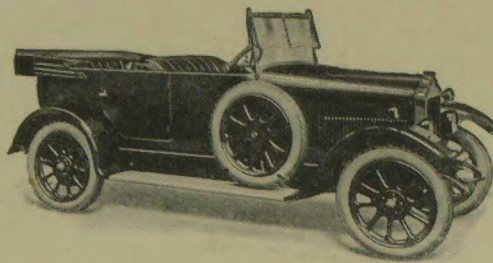
Long (12 ins.)	Medium (10 ins.)	Short (8 ins.)
4 in box	4 in box	4 in box
2/9 per box	2/3 per box	1/9 per box
2 in box	2 in box	2 in box
1/6 per box	1/3 per box	1/- per box

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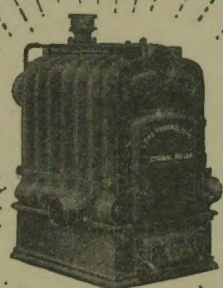
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